

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE

LITERATURE ART AND INSPIRATION

The Dynamics of Subtile Agents; the Relations,
Faculties and Functions of Mind; Philosophy
of the Spiritual Life and World, and the
Principles of Universal Progress.

THE TRUMPETS OF THE ANGELS ARE THE VOICES OF THE REFORMERS.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., EDITOR.

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1874.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

Literature, Art, and Inspiration

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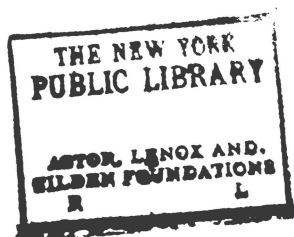
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J. M. Peebles

WITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL NOBILITY

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J. M. Reeves

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JAMES M. PEEBLES.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

IT is always interesting to study the history of families that have produced distinguished persons, and to trace the influences that have resulted in the centralization of organic peculiarities, moral powers and intellectual attainments. The elements that enter into the composition of remarkable characters are often discernible in their remote ancestors; or they may be traced to the combination of physical forces, mental faculties, and temperamental conditions, resulting from the intermingling of the blood of different families in the marriage relation. But it must be conceded that, as a rule, when such combinations are fortunately expressed in the production of an individual nature that is generously endowed, it is rather the result of *accident* than of either a recognition of physical and psychological laws, or of any accurate knowledge of a profound and intricate subject. Hitherto our presence has scarcely darkened the vestibule of that temple of mystery in which the subtle principles and essential elements of individual life are blend-

ed, the characters of nations fashioned, and the history of races determined.

In the Lowlands of Scotland, on the north bank of the Tweed, is the royal old borough of PEEBLES. The situation is elevated and picturesque, and the historic associations of the place interesting. In Scotland the progress of commerce and the prospective advantages of trade, are the usual considerations that determine the creation of royal boroughs. But it appears from authentic history that it was rather the generous sacrifices of the inhabitants of the district—and the fact that the kings and royal families of Scotland made Peebles a summer resort—that the place, in 1341, secured this eminence.* The name of the Peebles family became distinguished. With the blood of the old Romans and the warlike Scots in their veins—peoples whose history illustrates the extremes of barbarism and civilization—they, naturally enough, exhibited some strong characteristics; and John Peebles, a Scottish Earl, is described, by Sir Walter Scott, as a person whose daring nature and irresistible impulses found expression in rash purposes and impetuous action.

The Tweed at Peebles is not a deep river, but a babbling stream, that chants its liquid melodies over rocky bars, in sunshine and shadow, and goes singing away among green valleys and wooded hills.

“There’s music in the air,”

and the spirit of poesy dwells by hillside, and lake, and

* Edward Baliol having dismembered his kingdom in the interest of the English, his subjects became disloyal. David II., King of Scotland—who had found refuge in France during the reign of Edward, suddenly returned to reassert his claims to the throne. When near Durham, and after achieving a partial success in a contest with the enemy, he was taken prisoner, and Edward demanded a great price for his liberty, and as a condition of the recognition of his sovereignty. It was on that occasion that the people of the district contributed so liberally to this ransom that the old town of Peebles was erected into a royal borough with a representation in Parliament.

river. When Alexander Smith slept in the old Borough he

“—— heard something more in the stream as it ran
Than water breaking on stones.”

His muse came to him before he was up in the morning,
and made him sing thus of “The Tweed at Peebles:”

“I lay in my bedroom at Peebles,
With the window-curtains drawn,
While there stole over hills of pasture and pine
The unresplendent dawn.

“And in the deep silence I listened,
With a pleased, half-waking heed,
To the sound that ran through the ancient town,
The shallow, brawling Tweed.

The branch of the Peebles family from which our subject descended moved into the north of Ireland in the latter part of the seventeenth century, where their devotion to Protestant principles subjected them to persecution. In 1718 they came to this country and made a temporary home in eastern Massachusetts. Subsequently with others they settled the town of Pelham. But the restless spirit of the early Scots was in the blood of the family, and some time after they “pulled up stakes” and removed to Whitingham, Vermont. Here—“under the shadow of an ancient elm”—surrounded by natural objects and the pure influences of life among the hills, Capt. James Peebles courted Miss Nancy Brown, the Deacon's daughter. She was the school-teacher of the neighborhood, and is represented—by those who recall the period of her youth—as a tall young lady, with hazel eyes and a dreamy expression, refined manners, and with intellectual tastes and aspirations. The Captain was an earnest man with benevolent instincts and strong convictions. He followed Thomas Jefferson in his political principles and John Calvin in his theology. His democracy

did not restrain the nobler impulses of his nature, but we may naturally suppose that there was a silent controversy between his heart and his creed.

From this duality came a conjugal unity, the fruits of which were five sons and two daughters. JAMES MARTIN, the subject of this sketch, and the first-born of his parents, first saw the light on the 23d of March, 1822. The critical period that fashioned the form, developed the life, and determined the character, had been appropriately spent by his mother in the diversified exercises of labor and prayer, music and meditation. Rev. J. O. Barrett, author of "The Spiritual Pilgrim"—who seems to have ascertained the relative positions and specific aspects of the heavenly bodies—assures us that the benign influence of Jupiter ruled the hour of his birth. The writer has not examined the horoscope of his subject, but is disposed to look into his own smiling countenance and genial disposition rather than to his early experiences for a revelation of the beneficent powers of the world. Jupiter did not always minister to James. Many of the latter's necessities and desires were cruelly neglected. In kites and sleds he discovered suggestions to high aims and rapid progress; but the things he so much desired to possess were not among his personal effects. He had neither kite nor sled. When one day he surreptitiously obtained his mother's bread-trough as a substitute for the latter, and was accidentally wrecked on a rock—splitting his vehicle from end to end—his father gave him a striking illustration of the wisdom of Solomon, who, it will be remembered, advised a liberal "course of sprouts" for all mischievous boys.

James was not more than six years old when he went to school to his uncle, Dr. Peebles. The preceptor was a firm believer in Solomon's philosophy and practiced his principles with a fearful conscientiousness. Under the Doctor's treatment there was never any danger of congestion of the internal organs of his pupils, for the reason that he rarely

failed to bring the circulation to the surface. Under this *régime* James had his jacket dusted about every day, and all because his well directed efforts to promote healthful amusements in school hours were not duly appreciated. It was no fault of his that he had inherited a very active temperament. True, he may have manifested a restless disposition; and who has not a right to cultivate his inheritance? The truth is, he was so constituted that he required some constant and agreeable occupation; nevertheless his personal friend and biographer says "he hated grind-stones, axes, churns and hoes."

But James appears to have been, in the main, a well disposed boy, faithful to his friends, governed by generous impulses, and even willing to be sacrificed, when necessary, either in the interest of his young companions, for the glory of Solomon, or in his efforts to shield the mute creation from the causes of suffering. His humane disposition was manifested at an early age, and the lineaments of the Reformer were revealed in the child. In the Spring, before the snow had disappeared from the shaded valleys and the northern slopes of the hills, he was wont to go out, early in the morning, to look after the young lambs of his father's flock, to see that they were not chilled. His tender solicitude for the innocent creatures prompted him to care for them at his own cost, for it was not always that his father provided him with shoes, and in spite of the revelations of the horoscope, Jupiter had never so much as once warmed the little bare feet that were quick to run over the frosty ground on such errands of mercy.

Beneath a vein of mirth and mischief James had an undercurrent of deep feeling and serious thought. His imagination was excited by the death of his Aunt Sally and the disposition made of her remains. He thought it a mistake to shut her up in a coffin, as it might be difficult for her to get out at the proper time. At that early period he was disposed to take a very natural view of the resurrection.

He thought his aunt, having been properly planted, would in due time sprout and come up like the vegetables in the garden. His practical views of religious subjects were often ludicrously expressed. On the occasion of witnessing the baptism of a pious lady his first impression was, that the minister might—intentionally or otherwise—drown her. His mother succeeded in removing his childish apprehensions; but he could discover no important difference between the sacred rite and “going in swimming.” When his mother informed him that a solemn Angel kept a complete debt and credit account of his transactions, he readily inferred that he alone might be able to keep “the recording Angel” out of mischief by giving him constant employment. Whether the balance of that account would be in favor or against him was a serious problem; and his young mind struggled with it, in secret, until the merry voice was hushed and a shadow came over the sunny face of the child.

In his childhood our subject had a serious impediment in his speech, but by the aid of Professor Hurlbut he succeeded in conquering the difficulty. He was but thirteen years old when the mystery of first love was revealed to him, moving the power of generation through the faculties of the mind. He felt the subtle fire kindling in his brain and running along every nerve of sense. It found an object in a little damsel who was soon to be removed from the village. She was going to sea, and would only leave him the sweet vision that haunted his dreams and would still live in his memory. The period of pubescence is usually accompanied by a kind of poetic inspiration. The procreative faculty is awakened and demands expression. While in the presence of the modest girl the youth yielded to the spell, and from his first attempt at poetry we extract the closing stanza:

“I’ll think of *thee* when evening’s ray
Is gleaming o’er the sea;
When gentle twilight’s shadows play
On mountain, vale, and tree.”

At the age of seventeen he taught school in Chenango county, New York. He boarded with a Baptist deacon who—on account of the original sin which his son had inherited—found it necessary, one morning, to abruptly suspend prayer that he might chastise the boy, after which he resumed at the point of interruption and wound up in regular form. This sandwich of incongruous elements—corporal punishment and fervent prayer—somewhat diminished the young teacher's respect for religious ceremonies. But about that time one of those religio-magnetic fevers, otherwise described as "a revival of religion," was raging in Smithville. A great pressure was brought to bear on the young schoolmaster. He was earnestly prayed for and warned in the most emphatic language. All the while the spirit of Sinai thundered from the pulpit; and hollow voices rehearsed the terrors of the law with frightful emphasis. He was besieged by the young converts of both sexes, who exhorted him in passionate language to close in with the offers of mercy. Suiting the action to the words of supplication, his neck was encircled by delicate arms. In the ecstasy of faith, and hope, and love, they held his hands and wept, and prayed for the conversion of his soul. Skepticism could hold out no longer. How could an ordinary sinner resist such overtures? Could he refute the preacher and close his ears to the awful thunders of Sinai? No. And how could he coldly shrink away from the loving presence of gentler ministers? Of human nature—even since the fall—we may not expect so much. The young pedagogue was forced to surrender without terms. *He said he believed.* Then the preacher declared there was "joy in heaven;" and the assembly shouted, *Gloria in Excelsis!*

When the meeting terminated the magnetic spell was broken. A little exercise in the open air and the holy fervor subsided. James subjected his experience to a more searching analysis. True, there were pleasant associations connected with his religious awakening, but he began to

doubt the genuineness of his conversion. He was not sure that the clergy were sincere. And when, not long after, the pious Elder—under whose preaching he supposed he was born again—abandoned his wife and children and eloped with the maid of all work, his faith suddenly fell to the zero of the scale. He read infidel authors and drifted into the open sea of popular skepticism. He was disposed to regard all worship as a solemn farce and the priesthood as inventors of pious legends,

“Who fill the world with follies and impostures.”

Subsequently Mr. Peebles became interested in Universalism, and under the ministry of Rev. N. Doolittle was led to entertain more rational views of the divine nature and the destiny of man. By degrees his frigid skepticism—never consonant to his better judgment and the warm impulses of his heart—gave way, and he again found anchorage for his religious convictions. For several years while at Oxford Academy, New York, he was a student of the higher English branches and the Latin and Greek classics. At length he resolved to adopt the ministry as a profession, and thereupon commenced a course of theological studies. In September, 1844, the Cayuga Association of Universalists convened at McLean, and in the course of the session our friend received his Letter of Fellowship as a minister of that denomination. He soon after assumed the pastoral charge of the Society in McLean, and remained in that relation for five consecutive years.

At length, at the solicitation of Hon. Vincent Kenyon, he visited a medium at Auburn, and there witnessed evidences of the presence of an invisible intelligence. Some time after he listened to a masterly discourse from an uneducated boy who spoke in a trance on a profound subject which the inquirer had himself selected. The intelligence that inspired the boy, not only exhibited a vast range of thought and a surprising command of language, but he

seemed to see clearly in the dim twilight of the earliest historic periods. These discoveries enlarged and spiritualized the views of Mr. Peebles and greatly modified his style of preaching. He was warned that the theology of Universalism was not sufficiently elastic to admit of such expansion. True, the clergy were ostensibly very liberal, and always ready to open their pulpits to any orthodox divine over whom they might expect to obtain an advantage in controversy. But in respect to any views more enlightened and progressive than their own, the accredited leaders of the denomination were as intolerant as the Calvinists.

Mr. Peebles had been settled in Elmira, but dissolved his pastoral connection in the spring of 1855. In January, 1856, he assumed a similar relation to the Universalist Society in Baltimore. He, however, remained there but nine months, owing to his impaired health. The Society adopted a series of highly complimentary Resolutions on the occasion of his resignation. During the same year he relinquished his ministerial fellowship, but some time after settled at Battle Creek, Mich., as an independent religious teacher, where he remained some six years. All the while the spiritual idea continued to grow in his mind until it proved to be, in his case—as it has been to multitudes of honest inquirers—the rock that ground the dry bones of his old theology to powder.

We have not the space for any details of his spiritual experience which has been prolific of incident and varied by all the forms of illustration and evidence. In his investigation he proceeded with due deliberation, while many rush to an instantaneous conclusion. When the conviction was fairly established in his mind he became a fearless and tireless advocate of the truth. He never fellowshipped the little dark-lantern Spiritualists who go about masquerading, and whose chief concern is to conceal the light. On the contrary, we must acknowledge that he has made a very good locomotive reflector. Extensive travels have procured for

him the *sobriquet* of "Spiritual Pilgrim." The period of his long journeys may be said to date from the early part of 1861, when he went to California in the hope of recovering his lost health. Since then he has visited many distant lands. He has been absent so much that some have imagined he might be deficient in the domestic affections, and that the attractions of home have but a feeble influence over the Pilgrim. This is not warranted by any facts in our possession; and though we are not familiar with the details of his domestic life, this conclusion is obviously unjust. His own children, three in number, were premature; and then the parents adopted one—their little LOUIS, whom they tenderly loved. About a year after his arrival in California Mr. Peebles received the intelligence that this remaining object of their mutual affection had been transplanted to the Elysian Fields of the Spirit World. How he received the news, and with what intense feeling his spirit went out after the little child, and back to his distant home and his dear companion, may be inferred from a brief extract, condensed from a letter to a friend at Battle Creek. It is dated at Sacramento, Cal., March, 1861.

"Frances, I am sad and tearful to-night! None, however, see my tears. There may be something of pride in this; but I long ago resolved that no shadow upon my face should ever filch the sunshine from others. Last week's mail brought the tidings of the departure to the better land of our darling Louis—a precious bud, transplanted to bloom in the garden of God. Oh, how I pity my poor wife! Lonely must she be without the echoes of his dancing feet, and the lyric cadence of his voice. He was a promising, beautiful child, and the very idol of our hearts."*

* Mrs. Mary M. Peebles, the worthy companion of the Pilgrim, was formerly a teacher in the Clinton Liberal Institute. She is said to be a woman of enlightened mind and refined manners, with a strong feeling and a fine taste for Art. But above all outward graces and intellectual endowments, the mild luster of a gentle spirit illuminates the record of a true life.

"This deep affliction will weigh heavily upon my wife. I shall hasten home on her account. Home! how many sweet associations cluster around the endearing word! Yet, dearly as I love books, family and home, a divine voice is ever saying to me, "Go forth!—go among all nations with this ministry, preaching the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy." (Spiritual Pilgrim, page 79.)

In the winter of 1863–4 our subject had a brief experience of life in the camp. He served the government as a clerk in the Quartermaster's Department, and humanity by assisting the poor sick and wounded soldiers. Although the scenes that were constantly presented to him were especially revolting to such a nature, he did not shrink from the responsibilities of the place he had accepted. But the terrible friction of such a life was too much for a sensitive mind and organization. His sympathies were too constantly and keenly excited, and at the expiration of three months' service he was obliged to return home.*

Among the Evangelists of the new gospel of Spiritualism, the gentleman whose career is now under review has achieved an acknowledged preëminence as a traveler. The journeys of the ancient Apostles were comparatively limited. In their travels they depended chiefly on their muscles, if on land, and when at sea, on the possible coincidence of favoring winds and tides. But we have discovered a more powerful agent, over which we have a more absolute control. With our superior advantages the St. James of the "Arabula"—in his missionary career—has outrun the great Gospel war-horse of Tarsus, who, without extra weight, did "run with patience the race set before him." The James of

* The officer under whose command he served bore this strong testimony to his courage, integrity and fidelity:—"Though often placed in the most trying circumstances, he never lost his equanimity, nor evinced a disposition of retaliation toward those who had wronged him. On the contrary, he everywhere manifested, by word and deed, a gentle, forgiving and loving spirit, coupled with that sterling integrity which never sanctions wrong. The example of such a man is always good; but in the rough experiences of army life it is invaluable."

Modern Spiritualism has delivered his message in every State of the American Union, except Florida and Texas. Also, in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Austria, and on the great highway of nations. He has scattered the literature of Spiritualism along all his lines of travel in Turkey, India, Egypt, China, Arabia, Palestine and other Eastern countries;—in the homes of the common people wherever the English tongue is spoken; among the nobility of European States, and in the presence of Oriental princes. In all the countries he visited he met with frequent proofs of the presence of the Spirits. They came to him by day and night, on land and sea, in crowded cities and desert solitudes. While in Jerusalem he held a *séance* on Mount Zion, where he conversed with Spirits who claimed to have personally known Jesus of Nazareth while he was on earth. And on the top of the great Egyptian Pyramid his traveling companion was deeply entranced and gave the Pilgrim an impressive lecture on the early history of Egypt and its Monumental Art.

It was in 1869, when Mr. Peebles was contemplating a journey into Oriental countries, that his friends solicited in his behalf the Consulate of Trebisonde, a place of some commercial importance in Asiatic Turkey. This request was readily granted by the Administration and the Senate confirmed his appointment. On his arrival at Constantinople he received his *exequatur* at the hands of the Sultan's Prime Minister. This occurred about the time of the opening of the Suez Canal. Many distinguished persons were in the city, including Francis Joseph of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia and Amadeus, the modest ex-King of Spain, with whom he formed a personal acquaintance.

While in Constantinople the Pilgrim, one day, wandered out to Scutari, the Mohammedan city of the dead, where he witnessed a touching incident that is thus described :

“This cemetery—three miles in length, and somewhat irregular

in shape—is tastefully surrounded and beautifully shaded by tall cypresses. It was a calm October day. The scenery was so strange, so half entrancing, that time passed unheeded. The sun was low in the west when I left the speaking monuments of mortality around me. Hastening to the shores of the Bosphorus, to take the steamer for Constantinople, I saw a venerable Turk—tall and turbaned,—distributing coins and fruits to a group of ragged children by the wayside. The beneficence was as suggestive as patriarchal.—When through with the deed of mercy, several of the children, stepping forward, bowed and kissed the giver's withered hand. Smiling, he asked Allah to bless them, and then passed quietly on his way. The scene—purely Oriental—so touched my heart that my eyes were immediately suffused with tears. . . . My soul was so warmed into love and sympathy for humanity, that I, too, in spirit, kissed the old man's hand.*

Under the inspiration of the occasion—the enchanting scenery and associations of the country, and this deed of Islamitic charity—the muse came to our traveler and found expression in a little Idyl from which we select the opening stanza. We accept the author's apology for any artistic defects the critics may discover. The sentiment of the closing lines is honorable to human nature.

“The Orient sheds its shimmering haze
O'er field and garden, sea and isle ;
And Asia's arch is red with rays,
That turn to gold each Islam pile.
My heart is filled with warmth again :
I feel for Moslems in their thrall ;
I only hate the hate of men ;
I love the heart that loveth all.”

While in Europe Mr. Peebles was elected an Honorary Fellow of “The Universal Peace Society of England.” The “London Anthropological Society” presented him a diploma,” and made him Local Secretary for Trebisond,

* See J. O. Barrett's “Spiritual Pilgrim,” pp. 223-4.

Turkey in Asia. The Paris Society for Spiritual Studies, founded by Allan Kardec, and the *Società Florantina di Spiritismo*, conferred similar honors. He was also made a Corresponding Member of the "Royal Asiatic Society" of India. In December, 1869, he was awarded a medal for his speech before the Italian Congress of Free-thinkers. While in Rome he was the guest of Prince George de Solms, who devoted two days to showing him through the Imperial City, and whom he describes as a noble specimen of manhood. He spent several evenings with Count Riccardo; and was cordially received by the more liberal portion of the literati of the Old World.*

We cannot follow the Pilgrim through the long line of his latest travels. Nor is this necessary since his observations and experiences are described in his recent letters to the *Banner of Light*, and are still fresh in the memory of our readers. This leads us to briefly consider his claims as an author. He tells the story of his pilgrimage round the world in a free and popular manner. His descriptions are easy and natural. He does not anatomize the objects and scenes that pass before him. In a mind of uncommon activity the succession of images may be too rapid to admit of such treatment. If the pictures are rarely perfect in drawing, they always exhibit a warm human feeling, while at times the coloring is both agreeable and effective. His narrative contains many eloquent passages—few that give evidence of severe analysis and long digestion. The perceptive powers appear to exert a supreme influence over the other faculties of the mind. He is wide awake and nothing

* From the Howitts, Wilkinsons, Thomas Shorter, Gerald Massey, Mr. Tenyson Dr. Ashburner, Robert Chambers, Mrs. De Morgan, Mrs. William Gregory, Anna Blackwell, Mr. C. F. Varley, Mrs. Max Müller, M. Martin Tupper, Rev. S. E. Bengough, M. A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, Rev. M. D. Conway, Baron de Guldenstubbé, Baron Vincenzo Caprara, Hon. George Thompson, Lord and Lady Otho Fitz-Gerald and others—Mr. Peebles received complimentary attentions.

escapes his observation. This extreme activity of the powers of perception occasionally seems to break the logical order and consecutive statement of his ideas. His concentration is overmastered by this acute susceptibility of outward impressions. A trifling incident occurring in his presence, or a careless word spoken in his hearing, may interrupt the flow of thought and result in the interpolation of some incongruous image or irrelevant suggestion. If his mind is enabled to grasp the profound principles and intricate laws that underlie all physical and mental phenomena, it is rather by intuition than by the ordinary power of intellectual comprehension. In his writings we discover but slight traces of the recognition of delicate analogies and metaphysical distinctions. We by no means assume that this subtle power of cognition is wanting in the structure and development of his mind. We refer to the characteristics of his style, in which we may very possibly find adequate compensation for the absence of the elements we fail to discover. It must be conceded that he is understood by a much larger class than is likely to wait on the ministry of the profoundest metaphysician of the time. He speaks and writes in intelligible language, directly to the minds and hearts of the people. No doubt

“The age needs plainness and simplicity ;
To mystify the people is the trick
Of painted harlequins of Church and State.”

He aims to be understood, and he succeeds. In this capacity to adapt his teachings to the average standard of intelligence ; in the simple strength of his moral convictions ; in the unwavering purpose of his life, and in the generous enthusiasm of a loving spirit—warm and genial as summer sunshine—we may discover the secret of his popularity.*

* In addition to his large Foreign Correspondence our author's contributions to Spiritual Literature chiefly consist of “The Practical in Spiritualism”—a small

We have not the space for extended criticism. In their general character the author's works are didactic. They exhibit his various learning and an acquaintance with ancient, modern and cotemporaneous literature. He discusses his several themes in an earnest spirit—in the light of history and his own varied experience—but with little reference either to physiological and psychological laws, or to the records of scientific discovery. His storehouse is large, and furnishes copious materials; but in his use of them the severe critic may discover a want of strict analysis, careful classification, and constructive method.

The application of the psychometric test reveals a man of genuine moral courage, with a rational skepticism and strong religious convictions; *svaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. He will not abandon his cause; but by mild means work out his own strong determination. With a singularly impressive temperament he is remarkably self-possessed. His nerves recoil, but his soul is fixed. The barque that once drifted in darkness and storm has come to anchor where the sea is calm and the light is clear.

This man can never obtain rest in indolence; but in various activities finds repose. The angels have touched his tongue with a live coal. He is fluent in speech and a ready debater; skilful in parrying the assaults of an antagonist, and ingenious in diverting attention from the weak points in his defenses. His acute discernment, ready command of facts and ideas, a graceful manner and facile power of expression—rather than the depth of his philosophy and the

volume, published some ten years ago, and out of print; "Seers of the Ages," an octavo of 376 pages, published in London and New York, 1870; "Jesus: Myth, Man or God?" a small octavo, published in London, 1870; "Witch-Poison and the Antidote;" a somewhat elaborate Review of Rev. Dr. Baldwin's Discourse on the "Witch of Endor and Spiritism;" "Signs of the Times" (out of print); "Spiritualism Defined and Defended," together with his contributions to "The Spiritual Harp" and the "Year Book of Spiritualism." Some of these books have run through several editions and have been widely circulated. Colby and Rich have just published the sixth edition of the "Seers of the Ages."

invincible logic of his argument—make him a successful controversialist. When about to strike his hardest blows, he smiles most serenely; and when the conflict is over, in the benevolence of his nature, he contrives to apply a balm to the wounds he has made.

In breaking away from the shackles that fettered his powers in early life, Mr. Peebles has not run to the extremes that involve the wreck of character and usefulness. In the development of his individuality he has never lost sight of his relations to the race. He does not propose to entertain the devil in his most seductive shape of unlimited individual freedom and personal irresponsibility to society. The reign of law is preferred—even if it be sometimes oppressive—to anarchy, which is a terrible form of absolute despotism. In disputing the authority of the Church our friend neither finds it necessary to rend his garments, beat the air like a lunatic, nor feed on dirt. He is still willing to profit by the lessons of its history, and even to appropriate whatever may yet remain of vital truth in that institution. He seems really to love the Lord while he mildly lampoons the saints. His rationalism neither requires him to blaspheme in hot blood, nor leaves him out in the cold region of unfeeling speculation. On the contrary, it cools his brain, while it warms his heart and tempers his judgment. It has not diminished his love and reverence for whatever is intrinsically good and true. If he thinks well of himself, he also thinks well and speaks kindly of others. Surely this man recognizes the divinity in all. He never had an attack of that supreme egoism which swallows up God and blots out the Universe. *Cogito, ergo sum*, is not interpreted to imply either the absence or the worthlessness of all other individualities.

Rational Spiritualism is a grand eclectic system that comprehends all good and truth from whatever source its elements may be derived. Its philosophy embraces the laws and relations of all material and spiritual existences. It

accepts the results of enlightened reason and scientific discovery. Its living Gospel is the good news of the world's advancement. In sympathy with all truth ; aspiring to nobility of nature and righteousness of life ; radiant as the morning with Divine Light, and wedded to universal progress, it comes forth—"like a bride adorned for her husband." This is the invisible church of "the general assembly of the first-born," whose numberless believers "worship in spirit and in truth." Its membership includes all noble men and women who unselfishly labor for mankind. Its divine ministry embraces every teacher who has the courage and humanity to speak the truth in love. Its acceptable prayer is one tireless effort to fill the world with blessing, and its most impressive sermon is a blameless life. To this ministry we are called ; to this work every true Reformer is ordained. When the mortal pilgrim is weary of wandering in the arid deserts of a sensuous world, this is the true home of the soul—by the still waters of Life—that opens to receive him. This is the Church of the FUTURE.—Its altar is the conscious spirit. The true sanctuary is not the consecrated pile that human hands have upreared ; nor is it the gay crowd in its courts. It is not revealed in ancient records, and does not consist in gilded shrines and imposing ceremonials. It is not external ; it is inward and spiritual. Its mystical aisles never echo to the tread of infidel feet. *The true church is in Man.* The risen Shelley thus describes it, through Harris in the "Golden Age :"

'The church of God in man below
Methinks should like the Minister grow ;
All truths His three-fold voice inspires
Should build its buttresses and spires ;
Each holy deed that memory sings,
Should gleam with cherub face and wings
O'er the high altar's mystic shrine,
And Love make all the place divine."

CREEDS AND CONDUCT.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

HERBERT SPENCER, in the "Reconciliation of his First Principles," ably, but somewhat incompletely, expatiates on that principle of *adaptation*, by which a creed or a form of government, corresponds, more or less, to the average condition and culture of the nations in which such prevail. Hence the necessity that persons who have outgrown the need of either or both should "qualify their disagreement with as much as may be of sympathy." "The resistance to a charge of theological opinion" he regards "as in great measure salutary;" as barbarous races need a harsh celestial as well as terrestrial rule; but that we have been rendered in some degree "organically moral" in the course of generations, "disastrous results would ensue from the removal of those strong and distinct motives which the current belief [in endless punishment, etc.] supplies."

This chapter might profitably be read by extreme radicals—religious and sociological. It would need but little qualification and addition but for two things which he leaves out of the account. The first is, that the age is outgrowing its political and theological shell, and is striving to be freer; but these religious and political forms are forced upon it by the organizations of earlier generations. In other words, church and state, having been dominant in the past, have intrenched themselves in the fastnesses of wealth and power, from which unorganized and unprotected multitudes have not yet succeeded in dislodging them. Universities and colleges, founded by the wealth of past generations, bend the

thought of the present. Even in the United States, nominally with no State-church, orthodox religionists not only secure exemption from taxation (at the expense of others) for *their* instrumentalities of propagation, but dip into state and national treasuries for means to sustain them. The Howard University, in Washington, is purely (though not nominally) sectarian in its character ; its methods of teaching and text books are a century or so behind the age ; and a late Professor, who advocated the now universally received doctrine of the "correlation of forces," reports that within three years his views were denounced by some of the other Professors as "infidel," though he himself is a Presbyterian. Yet this "University" was mainly founded upon grants from the United States of over half a million of dollars—many times more than private individuals contributed. Most, if not all, its Professors, are reported to be members of Congregational Churches. In his capacity of head of the Freedmen's Bureau, Gen. Howard succeeded, as shown by the investigation before Congress, in getting about half a million more for other sectarian educational institutions.

Now, with facts like these, and hundreds, even thousands more, that can be obtained in this country ; and a knowledge of the fact that the oppression is ten times worse in Europe, it is a gross omission on the part of Mr. Spencer to reason as if the religious institutions of to-day were the result of the spontaneous expression of the religious sentiment of the age. instead of being "old men of the mountain," pertinaciously bestriding the back of modern civilization, *nolens volens*.

Secondly, as to the consequences, in human conduct, following the "removal of those strong and distinct motives. which the current belief supplies." So far as statistics and common observation can reach, it does not appear that this removal—so far as it has yet gone, and unaccompanied by any substitute—has produced any very disastrous results. The statistics of pauperism, insanity and crime, as connected with religious belief, are rather scanty, it is true. Those hav-

ing control of such matters being usually of orthodox affinities, are evidently not solicitous to disseminate information on the subject. Yet, it is reasonably certain, as to crimes "of the baser sort," that the devotees of Romanism supply a larger percentage than their numbers justify; while the more gentlemanly thieves seem to be largely, if not principally, recruited from Protestant organizations. On Oct. 23, 1873, Assistant District Attorney Purdy, in the U. S. Circuit Court, at New York city, speaking on behalf of the prosecution on the trial of Edward Lange, for appropriating mail bags, said that (I quote from the *N. Y. Herald*):

"The records of the District Attorney's office would show. that gentlemen, who, no doubt, could bring forward witnesses to prove they are persons of high moral, virtuous and Christian character, were charged with fraud and perjury. But their high character, their Christian conduct and standing, did not prevent them from robbing the Government; and then, dreading exposure, quietly stepping into the office of the Secretary of the Treasury and paying back the money they had swindled the Government out of; so that the matter might be hushed up forever. The jury would be astonished if they heard the names of these men. * * * * * There were now in court, listening to him, men like Tainter and Graham, charged with embezzling large sums of money, who, no doubt, could produce testimony that they bore a good character, and that they were in high standing in the church and in society."

In the Bureau in which I am employed, a clerk was recently discharged for swindling an official, whose accounts he had been settling, of about \$800. Facts are known to me which leave but little room for doubt, that, in the same case, he swindled the Government out of a like sum. Yet his piety was of the most unctious and obvious description. He is perfectly insensible of shame, and is using his utmost efforts to secure reinstatement. Besides the above, he obtained, on false pretences, a grant of \$1,000 from Congress. He is a small offender, to be sure, in comparison with the imperial

thieves of New York city and the District of Columbia ; but the case is none the less exemplary. A photograph was recently taken of the "Evangelical Alliance" visitors, as they stood on the Capitol steps ; and among the most conspicuous figures in the foreground is the aforesaid Psalm-singing ex-official !*

It does not appear from these and numerous similar cases ; it does not appear from common experience, and it would not appear from statistics, did such exist, that "the strong and distinct motives which the current belief supplies," have a definite existence in the United States, if they have anywhere. The semi-retrogressive condition, as to religion, etc., of France and other parts of Europe, the mischievous influence of the church, and the poverty and ignorance prevalent in those countries, are believed to be largely due to the influence of the belief, among Free-Thinkers there, that orthodoxy supplies these "strong and distinct motives," and is therefore "good for women and children." The mass of intelligent men in Europe have long outgrown Catholicism *for themselves*, but support it for their families ; hence Carlism in Spain ; hence civil war in France ; hence the war between France and Prussia ; hence immense standing armies all over continental Europe—and all because Free-thinkers there have allowed the Catholic Church to exist, in order, as many of them suppose, to prevent the "disastrous results (that) would ensue from the removal of those strong and distinct motives which the current belief supplies." It would seem that the results of the MAINTENANCE of that belief are far more disastrous than any which could possibly ensue from its extinction.

But even granting, that much temporary injury might be sustained—by taking away these unfounded, faiths without replacing them by something more truthful—what if a more

* We are unacquainted with the facts the writer has in view, and the responsibility of these personal references rests entirely with A. C.—EDITOR.

than adequate substitute can be produced—indeed, is already in existence? I have, *a posteriori*, stated reasons which indicate that no such restraining power as Mr. Spencer states *is* exercised by orthodox religious views. It would be still easier, deductively, to prove that the belief in endless punishment, vicarious atonement, etc., not only *is*, but *must be*, “omnipotent for evil—powerless for good.” But granting that, *pro tempore*, and adaptively these doctrines have, in some cases, a restraining influence for good—a *la* straight jacket—granting, with Mr. Spencer, that “to see clearly how a right or wrong act generates consequences—internal and external—that go on branching out more widely as years progress; requires a rare power of analysis;” and that, “even as it is, those who relinquish the faith in which they have been brought up, for the more abstract faith in which science and religion unite, may not uncommonly fail to act up to their convictions.” Let this apply, if it will, to the shadowy abstractions of a materialistic philosophy and the half truths of a materialistic science. Yet “he who runs may read,” in the facts and doctrines of Modern Spiritualism, that there is—there *can be no escape from the consequences of sin, either of omission or commission*. Here we have far stronger and far more distinct motives than the “current belief supplies.” A belief which regulates future happiness by human opinions must certainly furnish less influential, and much less powerful motives for good behavior, than a belief—nay, a *knowledge*—that future happiness is a consequence—an inviolable and absolute consequence of individual conduct.

This, it is true, is a low view of the subject; but Spiritualism can be understood not only by the philosopher, but the savage; it has in it the elements of universality; it is based not alone on far-reaching speculations and *a priori* reasoning, but on experiences not confined to nations or classes. Its gospel can be “preached to every creature.” For all knowledge it has a place, for all science a welcome, for all philosophy an appreciation; yet it can reach the hum-

blest as well as the highest. It asks not credentials of name or fame, for its facts are independent of either, and its teachings can pass the ordeal of that ancient medium, who said: "Why judge ye not of yourselves the thing that is right?"



THE ANGEL IN THE DREAM.

IN the subjoined paragraph, we have another illustration of the prophetic impulse inspired in dreams and visions of the night, no doubt by the direct action of a Spirit's volition on the susceptible soul of the sleeper.

"The Portland, Me., *Advertiser*, is responsible for the story that a lady in that city dreamed that her infant died, and that friends came in and viewed the remains, making consolatory remarks. The babe was then in perfect health. A few days after the child was taken seriously ill, and suddenly died. At the funeral, which was held at the house, the same persons who were seen in the dream came to view the remains, and in the same order."

When Joseph was warned in a dream to take the infant Jesus and go to Egypt, because the child's life was in danger, it was presumed that it was the Lord's work. But when a respectable lady in Maine has a similar dream, and it is verified in the most positive and substantial manner, it is never suspected that the Lord had anything to do about it. His work, in this particular direction, is presumed to be all for Joseph. The modern facts are only remarkable coincidences. The Lord has nothing to do with these in particular, and so they are conveniently attributed to the blundering but very serviceable god of accident or chance. Thus the faith of those pious souls chiefly embraces the god of Jewish history. This is the popular form of practical Atheism.

S. R. B.

SONGS OF THE WINDS.

BY JENNIE LEE.

These Poems are intended to represent the Court of Æolus, god of the Winds. He is receiving his ministers from abroad, who rehearse their adventures. The North Winds symbolize massive Physical Force; the South Winds, ethereal softness and delicacy, or the overwhelming Power of Passion. The East Winds represent the Old and what is passing away; the West Winds the New and the Coming.

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

FROM the land of THOR and the home of HUN,
Where the valiant Frost-King defies the Sun,
Till he, like a coward, slinks away
With the spectral glare of his meager day—
And throned in beauty, peerless Night,
In her robe of snow, and her crown of light,
Sits, queen-like, on her icy throne,
With frost-flowers in her pearly zone—
And the fair Aurora floating free,
Round her form of matchless symmetry—
An irised mantle of roseate hue,
With the gold and hyacinth melting through ;
And from her forehead, beaming far,
Looks forth her own true Polar star.
From the land we love—our native home—
On a mission of wrath, we come—we come !
Away, away ! over earth and sea !
Unchained—and chainless—we are free !

As we fly our strong wings gather force,
To rush on our overwhelming course—
We have swept the mountain, and walked the main—

And now, in our strength, we are here again—
To beguile the stay of this wintry hour,
We are chanting our anthem of pride and power ;
And the listening Earth turns deadly pale—
Like a sheeted corse, the silent vale
Looks forth in its robe of ghastly white,
As now we rehearse our deeds of might.
The strongest of God's sons are we—
Unchained—and chainless—ever free !

We have looked on Hecla's burning brow,
And seen the pines of Norland bow
In cadence to our deafening roar ;
On the craggy steep of the Arctic shore
We have waltzed with the Maelstrom's whirling flood,
And curdled the current of human blood
As nearer—nearer—nearer—drew
The struggling bark to the boiling blue—
Till, resistless, urged to the cold death-clasp
It writhes in the hideous monster's grasp—
A moment—and, then, the fragments go,
Down—down—to the fearful depths below.
But away, away ! over land and sea—
Unchained—and chainless—we are free !

We have startled the poisoning avalanche,
And seen the cheek of the mountain blanch,
As down the giant Ruin came,
With a step of wrath, and an eye of flame—
Hurling destruction, death, and wo,
On all around, and all below ;
Till the piling rocks, and the prostrate wood,
Conceal the spot where the village stood ;
And the choking waters vainly try,
From their strong prison-hold to fly !
We haste away, for our breath is rife
With the groans of expiring human life !
Of that hour of horror we, only, may tell—

As we chant the dirge, and we ring the knell,
Away, away ! over land and sea—
Unchained—and chainless—we are free !

Full often we catch, as we hurry along,
The clear ringing notes of the Laplander's song,
As, borne by his reindeer, he dashes away
Through the night of the North, more refulgent than day !
We have traversed the land where the dark Esquimaux,
Looks out on the gloom from his cottage of snow—
Where, in silence, sits brooding the large milk-white owl—
And the sea-monsters roar—and the famished wolves howl—
And the white Polar bear her grim paramour hails,
As she hies to her tryste through those crystalline vales,
Where the Ice-mountain stands, with his feet in the deep,
That around him the petrified waters may sleep ;
And light, in a flood of refulgence comes down,
As the lunar beams glance from his shadowless crown.
We have looked in the hut the Kamschatkan hath reared,
And taken old Behring, himself, by the beard,
Where he sits, like a giant, in gloomy unrest,
Ever driving asunder the East and the West.
But we hasten away, over mountain and sea,
With a wing ever chainless—a thought ever free !

From the parent soil we have rent the Oak—
His strong arms splintered—his scepter broke ;
For centuries he has defied our power,
But we plucked him forth, like a fragile flower ;
And to the wondering Earth brought down,
The haughty strength of his hoary crown !
Away, away ! over land and sea—
Unchained—and chainless—we are free !

We have roused the Storm from his pillow of air,
And driven the Thunder-King forth from his lair ;
We have torn the rock from the dizzying steep,
And awakened the wilds from their ancient sleep ;

We have howled o'er Russia's desolate plains,
Where death-cold silence ever reigns,
Until we come, with our trumpet-breath,
To chant our anthem of fear, and death !
The strongest of God's sons are we—
Unchained—and chainless—ever free !

We have hurled the glacier from his rest
Upon Chamouni's quivering breast ;
And we scatter the product of human pride,
As forth on the wing of the Storm we ride,
To visit with tokens of fearful power,
The lofty arch, and the beetling tower ;
And we utter defiance, deep, and loud,
To the taunting voice of the bursting cloud ;
And we laugh with scorn at the ruin we see—
Then away we hasten—for we are free !

Old Neptune we call from his ocean caves
When for pastime we dance on the crested waves ;
And we pile up the billows, mountain high,
A wall of gloom against the sky ;
Then we plunge in the yawning depths beneath
And then on the heaving surges breathe,
Till they toss the proud ship like a feather,
And light, and hope, expire together ;
And the bravest cheek turns deadly pale,
At the cracking mast and the rending sail,
As down with headlong fury borne,
Of all her strength and honors shorn,
The good ship, struggles to the last
With the raging waters and howling blast.
We hurry the waves to their final crash,
And the foaming floods to frenzy lash !
Then we pour our requiem on the billow,
As the dead go down to their ocean pillow—
Down—far down—to the depths below,
Where the pearls repose, and the sea-gems glow ;

Mid the coral groves, where the sea-fan waves
 Its palmy wand o'er a thousand graves,
 And the insect weaves her stony shroud,
 Alike o'er the humble and the proud,
 What can be mightier than we,
 The strong—the chainless—ever free !

Now away to our home in the sparkling North,
 For the Spring from her South-Land is looking forth ;
 Away, away to our Arctic zone,
 Where the Frost-King sits on his flashing throne,
 With his icebergs piled up mountain high,
 A wall of gems against the sky—
 Where the stars look forth, like wells of light,
 And the gleaming snow-crust sparkles bright !
 We are fainting now for the breath of home ;
 Our journey is finished—we come, we come !
 Away, away ; over land and sea—
 Unchained—and chainless—ever free !



DANGER OF FIRE-ARMS.

"A Western man, having a presentiment that his house would be visited by burglars before morning, went to sleep with a loaded shot-gun by his bedside. During the night a neighbor tapped on the window to know if Mrs. Johnson would not come over and do something for a sick baby, and bang ! went the gun, and the neighbor had a narrow escape from being converted into a coal-sieve."—*Exchange*.

WE never converted our bed-room into an arsenal ; we never carry pistols, and would not think of sleeping with a single shot-gun. Many lives have been sacrificed under the influence of mistaken ideas and momentary impulses. More than one somnambulist has been shot dead by his own friends, under the erroneous apprehension that a burglar was in the house. Be sure that you carry nothing more formidable than a fruit-knife, and when you go to bed trust to God and his ministering angels to protect you.

SILENT VOICES :
THE NATURAL ELEMENTS AS DIVINE MINISTERS.

BY S. B. BRITTAN, M.D.

"So many kinds of Voices in the world, and none of them without signification."—*Paul*.

THE human mind may not number the worlds in space. How many exist and silently traverse the illimitable void, beyond the utmost reach of the telescope, we may not know. How far the possible divisibility of matter transcends the limits of microscopic inspection, we cannot determine; and by what intricate laws and immeasurable lines the superficial phases of existence, cognizable by the senses, are connected with the invisible sources of inward power and the presence of the central Life, the finite understanding may fail to comprehend. But however vast the empire of being, and numerous the worlds that revolve in space, the Universe, in its most comprehensive sense, is ONE. The gravitation of worlds; the specific forms of being on their surfaces; the relations of separate entities, and all the phases of vital manifestation represent and illustrate the principles of a sublime harmony, and thus reveal a common source and center in the Divine Unity. The creative energy, the animating soul—GOD, IS, and therefore all these exist. "*The Spirit giveth life*"; and so innumerable worlds come up out of chaos and revolve about many central suns. The earth waits for the daily baptism of light. Morning wakes the living, conscious world to activity, and the evening invites to repose. Day is replete with glory, and Night wears a jeweled crown. Space is full of the revelations of life; organic forms are pregnant with happiness, and every instant plenary of blessing.

Sounds of almost every description, but especially such as

are produced by the breath—whether articulate or inarticulate—are appropriately called VOICES. But the term is very properly used with far greater latitude. The voices of Nature are the sounds produced by the action or motion of the elements. She speaks in the atmospheric currents sweeping over objects that vibrate like the forest boughs, or moving in gentle undulations through hollow, sonorous bodies; in the low murmur of little brooks and the roar of great waters finding their level; in the volcanic fires and electric forces demanding freedom of expression, and seeking their equilibrium in the tread of the earthquake; from the invisible “powers of the air” in their cloudy pavilions; in the deep respiration of the whirlwind, and the awful utterance of fiery tongues speaking out of the midnight darkness.

There are many voices that never break the silence; yet these are expressed with uncommon emphasis in Nature, in Providence and in the drama of universal History. A Hebrew poet, in his figurative account of the creation, affirms that “the morning stars sang together”; and Shakspeare makes one of his heroes say,

“My voice is in my sword.”

Vox populi may represent the choice of a people in the selection of their rulers, whatever may be the method adopted in giving expression to the popular will. *Vox Dei* is defined to be the divine will and pleasure, however the same may be revealed to mankind. According to a Christian Apostle good men who long since left their mortal tabernacles yet speak to us in memory, by the force of noble examples and in the individual consciousness of their spiritual presence. Even in the inanimate portion of the natural world,—in the field and the forest, on the mountain and in the grottos, by the wayside and along the shore, the smallest things come to us with great lessons. With what sweet, cheerful and solemn modulations does Nature speak to us in the morning and the evening, in the fresh life of Spring and the riper glories of inspiring Autumn! The grandeur of thrones, palaces, and

star-chambers ; and the gloss and glare of the world's great masquerade—*all* pale in the light that floods the Orient. No Eastern prince was ever arrayed like “the lilies of the field” ; and even the purple robes that clothe the mountain oak are more resplendent than the rent mantle of imperial Cæsar. Great men speak to us in their deeds ; angels in their loving ministry, and God in all things.

The great forces of the world, developed in and through the agency of imponderable substances, have mystical tongues, and we are left to interpret their noiseless speech in the beautiful phenomena of Nature. The grosser elements of matter are chemically or otherwise acted upon by subtile principles, invisible save in their effects. The grandest revelations of secret forces are not found to consist in the more external and noisy exhibitions of power—not alone in the majestic sweep of winds and tides ; the upheaval of islands in the midst of the sea, and the “shadow-dance” of clouds and storms on the ruffled bosom of the deep. These are truly imposing, and may chiefly arrest sensuous observers ; but the still voices and unspoken languages of the world may after all be most worthy of attention. The whole chemistry of the organic creation, whereby the very elements of decay are made alive and beautiful ; the growth of vegetation ; the blending of prismatic colors in the flowers ; the mysterious powers of reproduction, and the vital and voluntary functions of all animated Nature, no less than the solemn gravitation of worlds, are the imperishable records of that silent speech.

The voices do not all come from the unorganized elements. They are not heard alone in the hum of insect tribes, the notes of feathered songsters, and the lowing of peaceful herds in the valleys and on the hills. Everything in the physical world that awakens emotion and inspires thought,—whatever offers a suggestion to the human intellect,—becomes vocal to the quickened senses of the soul. The humblest not less than the grandest objects speak of the Divine wisdom and majesty. Nature is the sublime polyglot wherein “the in-

visible things of God " are clearly revealed. Every great event in history has a solemn voice, and every human character its individual expression. The exaltation of the humble and the downfall of the proud are facts that address us all in the impressive language of encouragement and of warning. In all ages men have made their strongest appeals to the world in their *deeds*. Every man speaks with greater or less emphasis in his work, whether it be good or ill—fraught with blessing or armed with the power to destroy. The farmer speaks from his fields of golden grain ; the mechanic in his invention ; the politician from the arena of his party, while the statesman is heard in the profound designs of the cabinet. The painter speaks in the forms that come out of the glowing canvas, and the sculptor from the beautiful creations that appear to breathe beneath the magic of his touch ; the author's voice is in his pen, while the philanthropist speaks from many hearts, touched by the noblest generosity and the deepest LOVE.

All Art is but the imitation of Nature ; and the man who translates the silent language of her most important principles into practical use is the greatest inventor. The earliest developments among all nations have been the rude dwellings of the people and the implements of their husbandry. These are improved by degrees, and as civilization advances Art exhibits new forms and mechanical combinations adapted to supply the necessities of man. But nations are in the infancy of the useful arts so long as their industry is left to chiefly depend on nerves and muscles. The idea of adapting the subtle forces of the world to practical purposes is among the grandest conceptions of the mind. The man who applied Steam to navigation was greater than Moses whose rod divided the waters. The former summoned from the great deep the strongest shade whose coming has yet realized the prayer of man. And this fiery spirit, rising out of the sea, moves everything at our bidding. The body of this pale ghost is thin vapor, yielding and impalpable, through which

we pass our hand as through the air. Yet his fearful grasp is more terrible than the strength of the fabled Titans. The elements are powerless in his presence, and the heaviest burdens are transported on his burning breath across continents and over the sea.

And so the great spirit of the waters has become the chief motive power on earth, giving emphatic expression to the many-voiced industry of all nations. Were its agency suspended the mechanic arts would be paralyzed. Millions of wheels, spindles, shuttles and hammers would be silenced in a moment. The application of this subtile agent to the industrial pursuits of life is among the chief conquests of human genius. The old instrumentalities of labor are laid aside, and "water privileges" are now too cheap to be dammed! Even blood-horses are at a discount, save among sporting characters, since we have the omnipresent ghost of the greatest modern traveler to bear our burdens and draw our vehicles. In the vast commerce, manufactures and transportation of the world, the introduction of Steam marks a great era in history. Indeed, it opens the outer door of an invisible world of dynamic agents and forces. We accept the invitation to enter and explore this realm of mystery.

Among the natural forces that speak with world-awakening voices Electricity has been the medium of many surprising developments. In the grand economy of Nature it is an agent of immeasurable capacity. Its presence is revealed in mysterious attractions and repulsions. Moving in currents, electricity also puts the grosser elements in motion. It determines the polarities of the ultimate atoms; its action is revealed in the laws of molecular attraction; in the natural affinity of heterogeneous particles; it is brilliantly illustrated in the process of crystallization, and most beautifully displayed in the subtile chemistry of vegetable and animal life. The passage of its currents through the aerial regions, in any particular direction, occasions a corresponding movement of the atmosphere, and hence may determine the courses of the

winds. The floods are moved by electric impulses. The aqueous vapors, floating in the air, are condensed by the passage of its currents and made to descend to the earth in torrents of rain. It often plays behind the hot Summer clouds, and equalizes itself by a silent process of conduction. It streams up from the great magnet at the Pole, and covers the boreal heavens with auroral splendors. But its voices are not all silent. When suddenly discharged in a thunderbolt from the atmospheric batteries, it often smites the rocky pinnacles with the force of ten thousand hammers, or shivers the mountain oak in an instant. Then, indeed, it speaks audibly. The voice is inarticulate, but deep, sonorous and terrible. Careless men pause and the reverent are filled with speechless awe.

In its application to the Arts the illustrations of its amazing power are scarcely less remarkable. It holds the precious mineral substances in solution and through the alkaline salts precipitates them, distributing the silver particles and golden molecules over the surface of baser metals—covering them with attenuated films that give to cheap wares the appearance of great intrinsic value. The invisible power draws a light gossamer veil over every rude form it touches, thus making base things beautiful.

In the adaptation of electricity to photography we shall yet witness important results. Not only are earthly objects instantly painted by invisible hands holding the long pencils of the light, but we put the heavens in the camera, and, by means of lenses of great magnifying power, picture the celestial scenery as it appears through the telescope. But in the allusion to prospective developments, we have special reference to the employment of this agent under circumstances which preclude the use of the solar rays. It is possible, moreover, that before the close of the present century, electricity may be used to warm our dwellings and light our streets. We are persuaded that the era of its triumph as a motor—applicable to all mechanical purposes—is at hand.

Our children may live to see the power of steam superseded by a safer and more economical agent. Such, at least, is our inference from the silent voices of present developments which we may not pause here to either explain or enumerate.

The relations of electricity to life, sensation and thought, can only be briefly noticed in this connection. The subject is intricate, and its treatment upon philosophical principles would demand, on the part of the writer, the exercise of very critical powers of analysis, and, in the reader, the ability to recognize the nicest distinctions. As this agent is homogeneous with the aura that pervades the nerves of motion and sensation, it is but natural that its artificial application should augment the nervous forces when, from any cause, they have been unduly exhausted ; nor is it less effectual in restoring the equilibration of those forces whenever derangement occurs in the organic action. Its power to put the fluids in motion is variously exhibited in its influence on the arterial circulation and the general distribution of the fluids of animal and human bodies. Electricity possesses the *arterializing* power, as can be scientifically demonstrated by the simple experiment of passing an electrical current through a quantity of venous blood. It gives contractile power to the muscles, and hence is the immediate source of organic activity and physical strength. The application of artificially generated currents may impart new and surprising energy to the vital forces and functions. For these and other sufficient reasons it is a most important auxiliary in the healing art, though there are few practitioners who really comprehend its relations and the proper methods of its application. Through this agent the faculties and passions of the mind electrotypes the images of many objects on the faces and forms of unborn infants ; and, by the same mysterious agency, the essential spirit and character of the mother's surroundings are quite likely to be photographed on the mental and moral constitution of her offspring.

As a direct instrumentality of the mind Electricity assumes

the most important place and office among the imponderable elements of the natural world. It differs from all others in its complete subordination—under proper conditions—to the power of the human will. The Pegasus of fabulous history was a clumsy animal compared with this agent of the world's instantaneous express. If it does not outstrip the mythological Mercury—the messenger and interpreter of the gods—it is far more serviceable to men. It is an omnipresent minister of light and knowledge having innumerable tongues. To the press it is a polygraphic instrument whereby its voices are mysteriously multiplied and echoed throughout the earth.

We indulge in a species of hyperbolism when we talk of the end of the world and of time, since the world may not end, in the sense of being annihilated, and time—as signifying duration, or a succession of Eons—shall never cease. We speak of time with special reference to some small part of the duration that knows no limit; but the term might as well be applied to any other part or period in the endless cycles of Eternity. We are accustomed to say that *space and time are annihilated* when, by any means, the current of circumstances and events is so accelerated that results, ordinarily produced or occurring at considerable intervals, are made to follow each other in instant succession. This is realized in our present telegraphic communication with all parts of the world. The deep watery spaces divide the continents, but they are scarcely appreciable since our fleet courier bears away—over the land and under the sea—the most important despatches to every capitol in Europe, with such celerity as to justify the use of the figure when we affirm that *modern science and art have annihilated time*. The electric telegraph is the great sympathetic nerve that centers in the cardiac plexus of nations. Through this messenger of light we feel the pulses of great peoples beyond the sea, and we are brought into instant sympathy with the whole world. We can not estimate the silent but powerful influence of this grand agent of modern civilization. In this subtile presence the faculties of men are

quicken, for behold the angel of the New Earth stands in their midst !

Literally speaking, an angel is a *messenger*—one that communicates information or may be otherwise commissioned to execute the purposes of a superior. Our angels are neither all divine, diabolical, nor even human. Whatever active principle, irresistible force, natural law, or intelligent being may be employed under the Divine administration to execute his will ; to accomplish any great change in the conditions of our cosmical existence ; any revolution in our moral and political affairs, or to aid the introduction and establishment of a new Religion, may be thus fitly represented. Yet strange to say our poets and artists presume that nearly all angels involve and illustrate a singular compromise between the nature of woman and the feathered tribes ! Until the advent of Modern Spiritualism they were chiefly painted in the forms of young women (there are no old angels) quite too palpable to be spiritual, and supplied with wings which suggest nothing so clearly as the idea of their ponderosity. But the truth is he, she, or *it* may be an angel ; and a very large proportion of such subordinate powers are not in the form of man, except as they are so clothed upon by the human imagination. *The Elements are God's Angels* to work out his designs in the natural world. They are all servants of him "who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire."

It was near the close of the first century that Domitian banished a great Christian Seer to the solitudes of the Island of Patmos, where he saw in vision what we behold in reality to-day—a strong Angel with radiant countenance, nerves of burnished lightning and arteries of liquid fire. Electricity is that angel—that all-communicating spirit—coming at once up out of the deep and leaping down from the clouds while many "thunders utter their voices." In this sublime presence *space and time are as nothing*. The grandeur of his appearing and the sublimity of his mission are thus revealed in fact and in the Apocalypse :

"And I saw a mighty Angel come down from heaven clothed with a *cloud* ; and a *rainbow* was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire ; and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth ; and when he had cried seven *thunders* uttered their voices. And the Angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth forever and ever, THERE SHALL BE TIME NO LONGER !"

With what amazing power do silent voices speak to us in the Light ! From the center of our solar system emanates the subtile principle which is essential to all being. But for this our planet had been a barren waste, bound in icy chains and shut up in Cimmerian darkness forever. Desolate, indeed, would have been the earth with no green thing upon its surface ; no forms of animal life with powers of voluntary motion ; not even the now extinct species of Saurian monsters could have lived and moved in its frozen waters. Light is an indispensable agent in the whole economy of the physical world. It is the all-revealing minister that daily stoops to uncover the earth and nightly speaks to us from the stars. It is greatest of all the silent teachers of men in the natural creation, since it addresses the universal mind through the common channel of sensation. Clad in purple and golden robes this great revelator moves with noiseless footsteps over the earth, unfolding the flowers, inspiring the morning songs of birds, and calling the human world from blissful repose to noble activity. "Beautiful upon the mountains" are the foot-prints of the minister that comes to baptize the waiting earth, and every creature that is under heaven, with the natural glory of the Divine effulgence ! And, silently, at the close of the day, this fair messenger—whose very sandals scintillate with golden fires—calls the world to vespers as she retires beyond the evening star.

But Light is not only indispensable to the revelation of all earthly forms ; the existence of colors ; the curious processes of organic chemistry, and the development and preservation

of all life on earth ; but it brings us surprising revelations of other spheres that enable us to unravel the mazes of the sky. The Moon is our nearest astronomical neighbor, its mean distance from the earth varying little from 238,550 miles, or about sixty of the earth's equatorial semi-diameters. And what revelations have we respecting the Moon ? Light alone enables us to perceive its existence ; its place in the heavens ; its relations to the earth ; its distance from our point of observation ; its form, magnitude and movements. But by the aid of suitable instruments we are able to make other important discoveries. The telescope presents for our inspection an uneven and ragged surface, the lunar mountains rising to the height of five miles, and casting their images behind them in deep shadows. We look in vain for any appearance of water on its surface, though there are Plutonic rocks and abundant evidences of the action of fire. It manifestly has no atmosphere of sufficient density to refract the rays of light. Whatever ethereal medium may be supposed to envelop the Moon, it is certainly free from clouds. Our queen of night wears no veil herself, however dense the vapors that hover in our own atmosphere. The conical summits in the Moon are very numerous, and in the southern lunar hemisphere we are presented with a single crater some fifty miles in diameter, and over three miles deep. Others have expended their inward forces ; the external fires have gone out, leaving great scars on the surface and proofs of volcanic stratification. There is nothing to indicate that the proper conditions of either animal or vegetable life exist in the Moon. If inhabited at all, it must be by creatures whose constitutions are fundamentally different from those that people the earth. Thus, in the light of astronomy, we interpret the silent voices from that still-born sphere. Such are the revelations light gives of the Moon, and they appear to justify the conclusion that our fair satellite, to which night and distance lend such enchantment, offers no fit abode for sentient beings. Fanned by no cool breezes ; with no refreshing waters to irrigate its surface ; scorched by the solar

beams during the long lunar days ; broken by internal convulsions and blasted by volcanic fires, it presents for our contemplation a wild scene of silence and desolation.

Light reveals all that we know of the several primary and secondary planets in our solar system ; their distances from the Earth, from the Sun and from each other ; the actual dimensions of each, their relative positions and respective movements. The most ambitious intellect may scarcely comprehend these revelations, but the attempt to grasp the subject may enlarge our mental horizon. Were we to travel toward the center of our solar system, we should find Mercury at not much over one-third of our distance from the Sun. There, on a summer's day, the temperature would probably be over 600° , measured by our thermometrical scale ; and this would suffice to cook the flesh and consume the bones of all living creatures that inhabit the earth. Should we take the opposite direction and travel toward the vast circumference of our planetary system—after a journey that would require us to put on immortality—we should cross the track of Neptune, at a distance from the Earth of some 2,640,000,000 of miles ! There the ice trade might prosper if prices would only warrant the prosecution of the business, since the temperature is presumed from scientific data to be about $50,000^{\circ}$ below the zero of our scale ! Having reached the orbit of Neptune, it would require 164 of our years to make a single revolution round the Sun. That is the length of Neptune's year ; according to which it is only about thirty-five years since Adam commenced his courtship. And yet all this is within the compass of our own solar system, which, to the observation of the dwellers in other systems, altogether appears like a dim nebula in the midst of a measureless expanse.

But what do we see in the great fields of space beyond ? There are foreign missionaries of light—the pale pilgrims of the sky—whose flaming hair sweeps backward through the ether a distance of more than 100,000,000 of miles, whose faces we shall never behold save with our spiritual vision.

They penetrate the outer darkness hundreds of millions of miles beyond our solar frontier. Astronomers tell us that one of these celestial travelers has made but a single circuit since the great baptism known as the flood. It will surely return again, but who shall witness the coming? When that mysterious apparition is again visible from the earth's orbit, all the existing empires will perhaps have passed away. Our own young and vigorous Republic may only exist in crumbling mausoleums and imperfect history, or linger like the pale ghost that to-day bends above the pyramids and speaks from Memnon.

The author of an ancient dramatic poem—known as the Book of Job, probably written by some wise man of Chaldæa who studied the mysteries of the heavens—makes several astronomical references that are deeply suggestive of the scientific knowledge possessed at that very early period. In these poetic references an absolute negative is thus implied by an interrogative—"Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades?" It may be a fair question whether this is to be regarded as a delicate compliment to woman—the Pleiades being originally the seven daughters of Atlas—or a poetic allusion to the fact that their rising is identified with the vernal equinox when the Earth is visited by the sweet inspiring influences of Spring, and all Nature is pregnant with new life. In either case the author's learning is as apparent as his poetic inspiration. Indeed, it is quite probable that the inquiry may have a still deeper significance. Astronomers have at length arrived at a knowledge of the fact that Alcyone, the most beautiful star of the Pleiades—which illuminates the heavenly spaces with the light of 12,000 suns—is the center of motion around which our Sun (a mere rushlight in comparison) revolves with all its attendant planets—in an orbit so vast that 20,000,000 of years are required to complete a single revolution! So great is the distance of that grand metropolis of the stars from the earth, that if the Pleiades were this moment annihilated they would still be visible in the

neck of Taurus for ages. To an earthly observer Alcyone would shine with undiminished splendor until near the close of the twenty-fifth century of the Christian Era, 700 years being required for light to traverse the intervening distance. If the first of those seven daughters—the brightest star in that celestial group—is the grand center that holds our whole solar system by the power of a measureless gravitation while it pursues the line of an orbit 50,000,000 times greater than the one the Earth describes in its annual circuit—then, indeed, there is a profound significance in the words of the ancient poet. God speaks to us in the silent but irresistible force of natural gravitation, and hence, verily, no power on earth can “bind the sweet influence of Pleiades.”

Euripides, the great tragic poet of Salamis, and the last of the three principal representatives of the Greek drama, was distinguished for his hostility to woman. Andromeda was selected as the title of one of the fifty-six lost tragedies by that author, perhaps from a feeling that woman is only fit to be a slave. Andromeda is a pale nebula, just visible to the naked eye in the northern heavens, representing a female figure in chains. The reflectors of the most powerful telescopes do not resolve the nebula of Andromeda, and in this fact we find the evidence that it is so remote that light, which travels at the amazing rate of 192,000 miles in a second, would require 1,000,000 years or more to send its rays through the darkness that broods over the naked realms of space to this distant world. Such are the silent teachings of the stars! These are the mystical voices without which we could know nothing about the innumerable worlds and systems in space. If, however, we were aware of the existence of so many worlds, compared with which our own is a mere speck on the map of the Universe, and yet could not perceive their relative positions and the harmony of their movements, we should be filled with constant apprehension, for how could we be sure that the Earth itself might not perish,

“Like a worm upon destruction's path?”

But light—the Apocalyptic angel standing in the Sun—reveals all ; and how do the fables of heathen philosophers and Jewish poets, concerning the creation of the world and the period of its existence, dwindle into insignificance before the revelations of Science ! So profoundly is the human spirit moved to reverence and worship by such sublime contemplations, that we may well conclude, “the undevout astronomer is mad.”

“Mighty One !

Whom none can comprehend, and none explore ;

Who fill'st existence with thyself alone ;

Embracing all ; supporting, ruling o'er ;

Being whom we call GOD—and know no more !”

“A million torches, lighted by thy hand,

Wander unwearied through yon blue abyss,

They own thy power, accomplish thy command,

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light ?

A glorious canopy of silver streams ?

Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright ?—

Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams,

Yet Thou to these art as the noon to night.”

It is not so much in the noisy agitation of the elements as in the Silent Voices of the Universe that God speaks to man. Nature is vocal, and the delicate modulations of her audible voices charm the sense and inspire the imagination. The winds and waves ; the reeds and shells ; the pine trees' soft refrain ; and the liquid solos of the brooks,—all have their speech, and it is full of music ; but it is in the silence of meditation that we receive the lore of the Heavens. We find an impressive illustration of our idea in the sublime description of the Prophet's experience in Mount Horeb. The strong Wind swept over the summit and through the deep defiles of the mountain, and the rocks moved beneath the invisible chariot wheels. And then came the Earthquake with its gigantic tread, shaking the old foundations of the

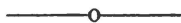
mountain, breaking the rocks in pieces, and toppling down the pinnacles. When the Earthquake had retired, then came the Conflagration with its appalling terrors and its awful glory ! The hissing voices of its forked tongues filled all the air ; and fierce flames, like burning shields, covered the mountain-sides. But not especially in the Wind ; not in the Earthquake ; not in the Fire—not, indeed, in all the imposing exhibitions of conflicting earthly elements, did the Prophet look for a spiritual communication. But when the elements had expended their forces—when, at last, there was silence in Horeb, the Prophet veiled his face in his mantle, and the divine word came to his waiting spirit in “ a still small voice.”

All physical forms and visible phenomena proceed from invisible causes, and the Universe itself is one grand Spiritual Manifestation. It is the original, comprehensive, and authentic revelation of God. It is the WORD that was in the beginning—the manifold Voice of the Creator, speaking everywhere to the senses and the souls of men.

“The radiant zones of space and time
Unroll from out that speech sublime ;
Creation is the picture-word,
The hieroglyph of Wisdom’s Lord ;
Edens on blissful Edens rise
To shape the Epic of the skies ;
Heaven is the grand full-spoken thought
Of him by whom the worlds were wrought ;
He, throned within the Word above,
Inspires that Heaven, that thought, with love.”

In the order of Nature mind governs the realm of material existence. Subtile forces, that elude the faculties of ordinary observation, produce stupendous changes in the superficial aspects of the world. Super-terrestrial beings have power to modify the fundamental laws and the essential conditions of human existence. Thus the mysterious agents move in our midst, silently—but with irresistible energy. They never

cease to operate, but they are chiefly visible in the results of their action on matter and mind. Intervening objects offer little resistance, and they are neither limited by time nor space. Who can suppress "the powers of the air"? Who can extinguish the light of the Spirit? Even "the land of shadows" becomes luminous, and in its presence "death is swallowed up in victory." The power of the Spirit kindles the very elements, and earth and sky flame with ethereal mysteries. It breathes in the souls of unborn men, and they are inspired from the womb. It rouses the dormant energies of slumbering nations, and they are raised from the dead. The invisible powers touch the throne, and it crumbles away. Crown and scepter ignite, and the chains of the slave are fused in the divine combustion. The earth quakes and swallows up old dynasties. New political and religious systems are inaugurated, and unseen hands open wide the gates of the Liberating Eras.



TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE town is but a place of business. Its spirit is wearying, and withering to all the generous instincts and emotions of the heart and soul. We are carried away and lost in its rushing currents. Our cradle rocks to a discordant jar; youth is jostled and despoiled of its bloom; manhood is too often corrupted, overborne, and palsied; and if, at last, man finds a grave there, careless feet perpetually tread upon his ashes. The country, alone, has the spirit to preserve and culture whatever is most beautiful in human nature. Man, in the country, occupied with honest, peaceful pursuits and quiet meditations, is happy. This is the true life. He lives all his days in the very presence of his Maker, surrounded by the elements of beauty, and means of enjoyment that no human art can equal.

THE WINGS OF SCIENCE.

"THE SOUL OF THINGS."

THE first flight of the young bird is feeble and fluttering. Perhaps it may fall upon the meadow ; but ere long it will be lost in the clouds.

Science, which has but feebly chirped before its wings have grown, has been in that callow age in which its voice has only a squeaking tone, though destined in the future to thrill us with its melody, heard from invisible heights.

But already the long feathers of its wings are visible—there are some brilliant tints upon its neck, and there are clear notes of wild melody in its young voice, that give infinite promise of rich harmony.

The psychic powers that sweep through the empyrean have been surveyed in their shadowy native home, and their future flight predicted.

It is even thirty-two years since the adventurous scientist found in the sacred grove all unknown, the nestling place and source of melodies which seem most truly in their place when they descend from the cloud and the mist, or mingle with the auroral beauties of the morning dawn.

It was shown by Dr. Buchanan, in 1842, that the wide-sweeping and soaring intuitive powers of man have their lodgment in an interior region of the brain, which had escaped the researches of his predecessors.

It was a pregnant discovery indeed, when he pointed out the fact that those who are finely organized can use their intuitive powers to detect in the apparently dead materials of manuscript a latent spiritual energy before unknown, and

by coming into contact with this new psychic element, float out into a realm of investigation and discovery which, if we are not greatly mistaken, will prove to be that vast ocean, on the borders of which Newton wandered as a child and sighed for the ability to cross its trackless depths.

To maintain the figurative illustration, we may say that the first discoverer and sailor on this ocean of limitless truth, found something richer than the islands first reached by Columbus.

The continent of ANTHROPOLOGY was the goal marked by Buchanan, and its richest treasure the grand *mathematical laws* which govern the Universe, constitute a wealth which almost satiated his desires for the opulence of wisdom. At least we have heard of nothing from Dr. Buchanan since these discoveries, of any similar importance and novelty, though some of his friends believe that he is penetrating still further into the arcana beyond.

And now comes a new explorer starting forth in the same ship, sailing over the same oceans, and bringing back another still more wild and wondrous tale of realms beyond the telescopic reach of science.

DENTON, recognizing in the new region to which Buchanan invited the hardy explorer, an ample range to his own daring spirit, has not feared to go forth with a spirit as free and wild as the unbounded winds, and an eye keen to discover the glimmering headlands of the most remote horizon.

Dropping these figures of speech into which we have been tempted by the poetic splendor and richness of our theme, let us say in simpler prose that we have been delighted with the perusal of Denton's deeply interesting volumes, entitled the "SOUL OF THINGS; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries, by WILLIAM DENTON," of which the second and third volumes have just been issued.

Standing in the high sphere between purely material and purely spiritual science—resting on geologic facts as solidly as a Lyell or a Hugh Miller, and yet reaching out into the

higher spheres of spiritual philosophy, we cannot but regard these volumes of Mr. Denton as the most remarkable contribution to the world's stores of valuable thought and useful knowledge, which has been seen for many years ; indeed we are strongly tempted to quote page after page of the singular revelations which Mr. D. has presented us in these volumes, with a frankness, grace and perspicuity of style which add greatly to their value.

Every reader will be struck with the entire freedom of spirit, the love of truth, the fearlessness of speech and the transparent depth of thought in these remarkable volumes. One feels in reading them as if he were seated in a circle of choice spirits listening to the romantic experience of a traveled friend whose memory carries us into the strange lands of a distant continent, and whose perfect sincerity, even when he tells of the incredible doings of Hindoo magicians, can not for an instant be doubted.

It is, perhaps, better that we should not quote much of these wonderful explorations of geological history and planetary life, for it would hardly be doing justice to the author to give a passing glimpse of his marvelous revelations without showing more fully than our space allows the systematic method of his investigations, their complete consistency, and their numerous corroborations.

It is proper, however, that we should call attention to the fundamental philosophical principles, of which Mr. Denton's discoveries are the natural outgrowth, and which cannot but result in many other rich and startling contributions to human knowledge, when other scientists shall imitate the bold and philosophic labors of Denton. If the principle and method are correct it is not a fundamental question whether the revelations of Denton are all demonstrably accurate, or whether, like Agassiz, Carpenter and other scientists, he will have to claim indulgence for occasional error from which no mortal is entirely free.

The briefest statement of the basis of investigation which

we find in these volumes is contained in the chapter on "the Soul and the Soul-realm," page 23, which is at the same time a cordial tribute to the merits of the discoverer of Psychometry, as follows :

"So profoundly did Dr. Buchanan become impressed with the results of his numerous experiments that he says: 'If then, man in every art leaves the impression or daguerreo-type of his mental being upon the scenes of his life and subjects of his action, we are by this law furnished with a new clew to the history of our race; and I think it highly probable that, by the application of this principle, the chasms of history may be supplied, and a glimpse may be obtained of unconnected ages and nations whose early history is lost in darkness. The ancient manuscripts, paintings and other works of art which still exist, the crucifixes, garments, armor and other ancient relics still preserved, are doubtless still instinct with the spirit that produced them, and capable of revealing to psychometric explorations the living realities with which they were once connected. At present these relics are barren of significance. Their hidden meaning lies waiting the future explorer as the hieroglyphics of Egypt awaited the arrival of Champollion to interpret their significance. * * *'"

"*The past is entombed in the present.* The world is its own enduring monument; and that which is true of its physical is likewise true of its mental career." Then with deep prophetic insight he adds: "The discoveries of psychometry will enable us to explore the history of man as those of geology enable us to explore the history of the earth; and I believe that hereafter the psychologist and the geologist will go hand-in-hand—the one portraying the earth, its animals and its vegetation; while the other portrays the human beings who have roamed over in the shadows and darkness of primeval barbarism. Aye, the mental telescope is now discovered which may pierce the depths of the past, and linger in full view of all the grand and tragic

passages of ancient history." This was published in April, 1849.

"I was not aware when the first volume of the 'Soul of Things' was written, that many of the discoveries related in that volume had thus been so fully anticipated by Dr. Buchanan, or I should have been glad to recognize it.* The more advanced a thought is, the slower its general acceptance. Its time must, however, come; and when psychometry is accepted, justice will be done to one of the most vigorous thinkers, boldest writers, and greatest discoverers of this or of any age."

Upon these basic principles Mr. Denton has erected a magnificent superstructure of cosmic science. He has applied the psychometric telescope to the long range of unrecorded centuries in the history of humanity and the far ulterior periods when the mammoth walked on the younger continents, and when the mighty mass of rank forest vegetation, covering continental areas and lakes, drank up the aerial ocean of carbonic acid and piled up the coal strata for a future race. All this is evolved by psychometric power, on the principle that "*the past is entombed in the present*," or as Denton expresses it, "*the past lives in the present*."

It is with a feeling akin to the dizziness that comes on the margin of the mighty precipices of California that we look over this vast flight of human genius, from the known to the unknown, from the present to the mighty past which all philosophy has heretofore deemed a rayless abyss of darkness, in which the Divine mind alone could possibly comprehend or reveal the history forever lost, effaced and gone.

But IT HAS BEEN DONE by a daring scientist. The telescope has been constructed, the observatory has been established, and ages will not exhaust the novelty of its revelations. While Proctor is adding star after star to his map of

* In his first volume Mr. Denton narrated Dr. Buchanan's discovery which led him to make his own psychometric investigations, and apply the discovery to geology with so much success.

celestial scenery, and governments with rich treasures at their command support their numerous observatories and astronomic corps, how startling an exhibition is it to find a single, unaided scientist, strong only in his own genius and courage, surpassing by his own unaided and unthanked investigations, all that the world's wealth has heretofore accomplished !

Verily the name of DENTON will fill a large and lustrous area in the history of the latter half of the 19th century. We have no hesitation in doing honor to this brave and gifted explorer of science. We do not wait for the loud acclaim of the mob, or for the plaudits of the universities, (that condemned Newton and Harvey) before we recognize a true philosopher whom our descendants will honor.

We do not need to entertain, at present, the question whether all the geological discoveries and all the planetary revelations of these wonderful volumes are entirely true and accurate. We do not feel competent to give a verdict on such questions. We only know that much of what has been revealed by Mr. Denton, bears on its face the impress of truth and rationality. We know that he is a most faithful, able and candid searcher for truth, and that it is not in the laws of nature that such should fail in their researches. As certainly as the honest toil of the diligent husbandmen is rewarded by grass and grain, fruits and flowers, so certainly is the laborious lover and seeker of truth rewarded with his rich and beautiful harvest of soul-enriching science and wisdom.

We heartily commend these volumes to our readers and hope that those too who read mainly for the sake of pleasure in an idle hour, will find in these "researches" something as fascinating as the novel and vastly more profitable—something that will give them higher ideas of the range of the human mind and the mastery of knowledge that is yet in store for man—something, in short, that will teach them what to expect when the "wings of science" are fully expanded in empyrean flight.

MATTER, ETHER, SPIRIT—CHARACTER.

BY JUDGE ISRAEL DILLE.

MANIFOLD as the indications of a combination of ether with matter may be in the vegetal kingdom, they are vastly increased as we pass up through the long procession of zoölogical characters and forms. At every step we take, we find that something more than mere matter individualizes and characterizes the object before us. In the very lowest condition of animality, the moneras, the rhizopods, the whole class of protozoans, the zoöphites, the foraminifera, we perceive life in a higher condition than is found in anything in the vegetal world. Though the seas are tenanted with numberless specimens of those lower classes of animal forms, fixed as plants that grow in the soil, so firmly, that it was long a matter of doubt among naturalists to assign them to the vegetal or the animal kingdom. On further study of their characters, and the part they performed in the economy of Nature, it was found that they had powers and functions never accorded to plants and combinations, with ethereal elements that were peculiarly their own. Deep sea dredgings have opened to us a new and wonderful page in the great volume of creation, and have shaken the walls of many a theoretical structure that was supposed to be firmly established, and shown them to have had no foundation in fact. Living forms—treated as fossils of an age so long gone by, that millions of years have elapsed, as some compute, since the life that animated them was extinct—are now found in the bottoms of deep seas. Life, animal life, is not the only ethereal element

found in them, but light is a constituent of their structure, so that away down in the oozy beds of ocean, far beyond the reach of the solar beam, they are not in darkness, but each one lights his lamp at will to descry his necessary food, or to "do his business in great waters." Who has not admired the phosphorescent lights in the ocean in his voyage over the briny deep? Those lights are thrown out from numberless little animals of the lowest class, who sport and enjoy a life of brilliancy and sense. Sense? They may have but one, taste; but they are rich and happy in that, as they flit over the waves with a halo of light around them. But that sense of taste, if that be all they have—is that material—mere matter and no more? We can not conceive that. A sense, whether it be tasting, smelling, feeling, hearing or seeing, must spring from something more than matter; but without the sense of seeing their light would be useless. We only know the ethereal forces from their action on matter, or their connection with matter. The capacities of those zoöphytes of the seas we know but little of, as the moneras and rhizopods have no mouth, but take in their food wherever it touches the body, so they may have other senses without the ordinary organs that characterize animals higher in the scale of being.

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly."

Here let me digress for a moment, and consider a matter not altogether foreign to our subject, for we are considering Biology, of which time is an essential element. Our savans, who are engaged in creating the world in a philosophical manner, out of their own materials, and in their own way, base all their hypotheses upon incalculable periods of time since the end of the azoic age. Some compute one hundred, and others up to five hundred millions of years. Will they allow me to suggest that we know, to an immaterial fraction, the measure, weight, and density of the earth and the com-

parative, or average, temperature at the surface of our globe. We may agree upon the depth of our atmosphere. Call that what you will. These are our elements. Now suppose the earth to be surrounded with a concave sphere of ice, of the temperature 300 Fah., at the distance of ten miles, how long would it require to cool the earth down to the temperature of the ice by the ordinary radiation of heat from the surface? The calculation need not be long or complicated to obtain the answer. Well, we have at half the distance of ten miles an encasement of far lower temperature than the supposed concave of ice, into which our savans tell us our terrestrial heat is constantly radiating—they tell us too that the moon is a dead planet, which was once highly heated, as her mountains, craters and scoria covered plains attest, but being smaller than the earth her original heat has all radiated into interplanetary space, the temperature of which is the very zero (0) of heat, by which all her fluids and all her gases have cooled and condensed into solid matter.

Now if the moon were ever a globe of fire could it have retained its heat, with such an environment of cold for 1,000,000 of years—or 100,000 years—or 10,000 years? Yes, but you say the solar heat has been replenishing the earth—so did it the moon—but the lunar heat is extinguished. The question of the retention of heat by so small a globe as ours, is one that sadly interferes with all those theories which are based upon such immeasurable periods of time. The secular refrigeration of the earth is a fact as well settled as any one of human science. Every volcanic eruption, every puff of a geyser, every great earthquake is attended with a loss of heat. During the Post Pliocene or quaternary Period, in what Agassiz calls the Glacial Period, there was so great a loss of heat that the ice-circle was extended, if any ice-circle previously existed, many degrees further south. Prior to that memorable event a sub-tropical vegetation flourished in Greenland, Siberia and northern Alaska, where now only

the hardiest and most stunted plants struggle for their life. Then the elephant, of several species, the rhinoceros and even, the hippopotamus sported in lands and water now exclusively occupied by the reindeer, the polar bear, and a few warmly clothed animals, whose furs make them an object of pursuit. Agassiz does not mend the matter by contending that his Glacial Period was one of extremely great length, and that it extended from pole to pole, and left its tracks throughout the tropics. As Dr. Newbery properly objected—if such was the case, every living thing upon the earth must have perished, and a new creation of the same animals and plants in genera and species must have occurred. So wild are human theories.*

Deep sea dredgings have thrown a bridge across the broad chasms of geological periods, and proved that crustacea and molluscs, long extinct, as was thought, still live at the bottom of the ocean, bringing together the fauna of the Silurian, the secondary, the lias, the chalk, the eocene, the miocene and the pliocene with those of the present day. Evolution and development, with their interminable lapses of time, vanish from those parturient labors of the human mind, as mists vanish before the sun, by the expositions of life and living forms in deep seas.

All light at the surface of the earth is so attended with heat and combustion, that the idea of one is accompanied with the other. But in the depths of ocean there are innu-

* About 1000 years ago Iceland was discovered and settled by the Norwegians. It was then clothed with forests that furnished them materials for ships, in which they made long sea voyages for commerce and exploration. They traded with Ireland, then the most enlightened country in the western world; they discovered and colonized Greenland, to which they gave that name, on account of its rich vegetation, and soon came to this Continent. Iceland was densely settled with an intelligent and highly educated people, who were numbered by hundreds of thousands. Now its population is less than 60,000, who, it is said, are about to abandon the island, on account of its increasing cold; and the east of Greenland, where they once had towns and villages, has been so blocked with ice for 200 years, no ship has been able to reach it. The Norwegians have abandoned Greenland to the Esquimaux. Such is secular cooling during the Historic period.

merable animals without fire or heat, that can probably, at will, kindle their flambeau and illuminate the dark caverns around them. To give out light, they must have organs suited to the purpose, associated with the luminous and luminiferous ether. It must be a constituent of their structure. Many fishes have this faculty of striking their light. I have noticed it in the heads of the shad, the herring and other marine fish, after death. The electric power of fishes has already been noticed.

We are almost wholly wanting in any evidence of instinct in the lower orders of marine animals, or of any capacity to learn, beyond the simplest demands of existence, and may assume that nothing of the kind is conferred upon them. Yet they serve their purpose, in the scale of being by preparing matter for higher organizations. The wonderful beauty and complexity of life in its lowest forms, concealed for countless ages in the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean, attest the presence of the all Creative Power, working unseen in his grand laboratory, vivifying and quickening material elements by associating them with ethereal forms, for higher and more beautiful types of superior orders in the future. On the surface of the earth a certain temperature, far above the freezing point, is necessary for the reproduction of animal forms, but in deep seas the freezing point of fresh water does not obstruct the action of the Vital Force, which is able to bring forth and nurture large families of marine fauna at temperatures that would be fatal to the lower classes of terrestrial fauna. It would seem that the vital force only requires the elements of matter to be in a state of freedom, for it to control and associate them in living forms.

Freezing, which fixes the composing molecules of the lowest orders of animals, is inconsistent with generation, or reproduction, and is generally fatal to them, even when developed both on land and in water. Surface water, in cold and freezing weather, is almost entirely free from animal life

while it swarms with a multitude of genera and species when warm.

The consistence of the lower orders of marine animals is soft, and in many cases jelly-like, seeming to be but little removed from the colloid state, the first essay of the Vital Force upon matter. It is down in the deep seas, where the colloid condition of silica is developed into organic forms, as in the glass sponges, or on land in the coatings of gramineous plants and in the bark of many trees. Those zöophytes, the great varieties of the glass sponges, are among the admirable wonders of the deep. What gradations of life does the ocean furnish! There, doubtless, animal life began, and there it was only capable of existing until the dry land and the surrounding atmosphere was capable of sustaining air-breathing animals. If we are to take the testimony of the rocks, the vertebrata were not far behind the mollusca and crustacea as denizens of the waters, as the silurian fossils testify. And even among the earliest fossils the organs of vision were as complicated as in the latest mammals. And although some specimens of cambrian trilobites seem to have had no eyes, yet those fossils may be exceptional like the fishes in the Mammoth Cave, that are without any thing more than rudimentary eyes. Further discoveries may bring well developed eyes in those crustacea in the Cambrian and even in the Laurentian series.

Higher in the scale of marine life are the vertebrata of countless forms, varieties and capacities, from the minutest minnow to the ponderous whales. All these differentiate in form, in color, in instincts, and in such degrees of intelligence as their life requires. When I speak of intelligence I refer to their capacity to learn—to adopt expedients—to choose between alternatives—to distinguish between friends and foes, and to change their habitats for food, for comfort and for safety. Many fishes kept in tanks, or pools, learn to know their master, and will come at his call. The power, to recognize is an animal function, and a function of intelli-

gence, even though the recognition does not extend beyond the choice of food. To recognize the hand that feeds, and the voice of the feeder, indicates a higher degree of intelligence than any which a mollusc or a lower grade of life can exercise. The mode of reproduction varies as much, or more, among marine fauna. Some are hermaphrodite and reproduce, like some plants, by gemmation, some of the molluscs have the sexes reproduced by coition, rising to the vertebrata, a large portion are oviparous, while the catacea are viviparous and mammalian, sustaining their young by milk as land quadrupeds do. Agazzis reports finding a fish, in the Amazon waters, which carried their young in their mouths. Then the difference in form, in structure, in flesh, in habits, modes of life, and habitats of those countless varieties is to be accounted for. Can it be referred to any combination of the few elements that enter into organisms? Intelligence, be it ever so low, is a force, because it produces motion, or excites to action. It is imponderable, and is not a property of matter.

“See through this air, this ocean and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth.”

That is not exactly true, for of the sixty-three primary elements of matter, only a little over a dozen are found to be constituents of organic forms. And yet how great, how manifold are the differentiations.

“Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach from infinite to thee.”

The nervous system has been adopted by naturalists as the criterion of rank in the scale of being. The lowest are without a trace of nerves, and are classed as Acrita and Protozoan, next in order with a slight trace of nervous system, is the Nematoneura, and from that low beginning the differentiations rise, in the structure and variations of the systems of nerves, up to man. The complexity of nerves is not a

universal criterion of intelligence among animals. For some of the smallest insects evince as much intelligence, at least, as some of the mammalia. The bee, the ant, the spider, work by an intelligence, call it instinct, if you will, but it is shown in adopting a plan under new and untried conditions, of devising, of taking choice of alternation, that in many instances fully equals the best exertions of reason in man. Not that their range of intelligence is as wide, but within its sphere it is as certain and well chosen as man can do.

The birds are lower in the scale of beings than mammals, with a comparatively smaller volume of brain, and yet how much contrivance they evince, under circumstances in which we cannot credit to instinct, their performances. The devices that many resort to, to protect their young from danger, or to secure food for them, or their readiness to sacrifice their brood rather than leave them in captivity, are illustrative proofs. A few instances will suffice to elucidate my meaning. I have taken a nest of Baltimore orioles, while the young were unable to fly, put it into a cage, and hung the cage where the parents could come and feed their offspring. Twice out of three times the parents poisoned the brood to liberate them from bondage.

The *Ortyx Canadensis* (American quail) lays its eggs upon the ground, without the trouble of making a nest, often without a covering, and there hatches its brood. I have many a time surprised the nest, just as the young birds were leaving their shell. The mother would give a low cry and flutter around me, as though she had a broken leg and wing, and seek to allure me away from the nest. Not heeding her, I have sought the young quails, some of whom still had a portion of the shell adhering to them, and it was the rarest accident that ever disclosed one. Every chick had concealed itself under or by some object, so like its own color, a leaf, a piece of rotten wood, or a dry tuft, that it was undistinguishable. I would see them running, and they would disappear so suddenly and so securely that they were abso-

lutely safe. Now all this knowledge of the danger—how to decoy the intruder from the nest—how to warn the brood to disperse and hide, and for the young to select such safe covers was acquired. Had the brood been hatched in the Gallapagos Islands, no sense of danger would have been entertained and the stupid birds would have fallen an easy prey. But the sense of danger must have been inherited; the young were inspired with it as soon as they came to the light; the mother's cry was intelligible to them, and they instantly acted on the warning. What general of an army—what philosopher—could have planned and executed better to save those under his charge?

Canary birds are very teachable and will acquire a great many clever tricks. And I might make a long chapter showing the devices of birds, as spontaneous or taught.

Advancing a step higher we come to quadrupeds, and how wide and wonderful a field opens before us. What diversities in forms, in habits, in mental capacities, in cunning, in sagacity, in constructiveness and teachableness, from the mouse to the elephant, from the domestic to the feral, all have their peculiar endowments, each suited and adapted to its condition and plane. It would require a volume of no small dimensions just to touch upon the characteristics of the several species, and an encyclopedia would be necessary to detail the natural history of the world's mammalia. The intelligence of the horse, the dog, the elephant, of which we have so many well attested anecdotes, is almost human. I will give one or two instances that fell under my own observation of the genus *canidæ*, or dogs. In the last illness of my mother, who lived with me, which was prolonged by the debility of age, we had to have night watchers. I had a large house dog, a mastiff, which never left the premises, unless some female of the family went out at night, when he invariably, of his own will, accompanied her as an escort. My premises were large, cultivated as a flower and vegetable garden, with many fruit trees and flowering shrubs.

One evening at late twilight a neighbor woman, who lived beyond the garden, came to my house, and offered her services to take care of my mother for the night. The arrangement was made on my porch where the dog was lying. The lady went home, to return at 9 o'clock. When she left the dog arose and walked by her side to her house, where he laid down at the door till she came back, when he arose and accompanied her. No call or request was made to him to go or come; it was all voluntary on his part.

The other case was that of a prairie wolf, *canis latrans*. A lady of this city went to Kansas a few years since, and a mutual friend to her and myself said to her jocosely, "bring me a prairie dog." She obtained a young prairie wolf, whose eyes were not opened when she got him. On bringing him here, our friend having no suitable place to keep him, requested me to let him run in my back-yard. I took especial care to win his confidence by feeding, caressing and playing with him, which he seemed to enjoy for a while. But he gradually grew more shy and fearful of me, and of men in general, but gave his confidence entirely to the gentler sex. He would follow the women all through the house, up stairs, down stairs, in the kitchen and in the yard, would leap up into their laps and was playful as a kitten. But the moment he heard the footsteps of a man entering the house he was convulsed with fear, and, if there was no other way of exit, would leap out of a second story window and hasten to his hiding-place. After the end of the first six weeks I never got a sight of him except by stealth. He was taken from me to a house occupied by ladies exclusively, but his owner went one day to see him, which terrified him so that he broke out the following night, and was never heard of afterward.*

* Although we have hundreds of instances of the sagacity and peculiarities of the lower animals, I prefer to notice only such as fall under my own observation, thereby adding new facts instead of citing cases already well known.

I can only account for this fear of men on the hypothesis of an inherited fear of the hunter acquired by his ancestors. Now, how was this timidity transmitted? Through the matter which he took in as food, upon which he grew from puppy to early maturity, or was there an imponderable force inherent in him that grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength? The latter is the only supposable solution of the matter. This little animal had no experience to teach him that man was his enemy, he had no memory to warn him that the human male was dangerous to him, or that the human female was his friend. Nor was it instinct but it was an apprehension acquired by his ancestors and transmitted by means of a force that was within him—inherent—impelling—which no kindness and no soothing art could dispel or dissipate. Perhaps Mr. Le Conte would call it a correlation of chemical force. To use a very common expression that doctrine of the Correlation of Forces is being "*run into the ground.*" Whatever is mysterious, dark, obscure and unintelligible is mere correlation of well known forces. This is certainly "darkening counsel by words without wisdom." What force is correlated to produce gravitation or cohesive attraction? If the chain is anywhere broken, no matter at what link, it ceases to serve its purpose. All the passions are forces in the animal being—fear, love, hope, sexual desire, hate, aversion and the like—all tend to move, to excite to exertion. Will any of these spring from the lower forces of nature, in what are called their protean modifications? See the different animals engaged in their sports among themselves, enjoying their curvettings—the chasing, carressing separating, romping—are these mere chemical manifestations? Mind is a force, whether displayed by the indolent mollusc opening his valves to catch the food that floats by; a Milton in his grand conceptions of *Paradise Lost*; a Watt in seeking to utilize steam as a motive power—a Fulton in applying it to navigation, or a Daniel Webster in one of his masterly efforts in debate. They are

all connected with vitality, which Carpenter and Le Conte would persuade us was merely chemical force correlated in some mysterious way. "The interpretation is the harder to understand of the two." To apply Herbert Spencer's argument, these men do not believe it, they labor to convince themselves—to persuade themselves they believe it—but conclude in as much doubt and obscurity as when they began.

There is a source from which mind—the passions—the affections are derived, and that source is not in matter, but something conjoined with matter, operating as a force, developing quality, character, individuality, that none of the lower forces can generate. That source is as universal as matter, generating organisms whenever conditions will permit, and generating them in their differentiations according to the conditions. It is said there are three species of elephants: the Asiatic, the African and the Ceylonese, all with specific differences. Why the difference? Because the conditions differ. The material conditions so varied that the ethereal complications were combinations, which gave specific character, in mind, in form, in structure. Herbert Spencer, in his work on domestic animals and plants, shows the difference between domestic animals of the same families or genera in different countries—differences that would seem to be specific, and yet they interbreed, and their progeny is fertile. The modifications in form, in osteology, in size, in structure and general appearance has resulted from difference in conditions under which their remote ancestry lived, but their crosses being fertile show their differences to be apparent and not specific. It is evident that such differentiations resulted from a force that operated as a cause, a force that cannot be found in matter or credited to matter—nor to the action of chemical energy upon matter, which merely produces crystals or crystalloids, but to a force essentially different, which compels indifferent and reluctant elements to combine in the colloid state—taking new and

different elements, for special purposes and organs, which differentiates materials into all the diversified forms, qualities and characters of organic beings. The fauna and flora of the eocene period greatly differed from the mioam, and the latter from the pliocene and the pliocene from that which exists now. Why? Because the conditions which prepared matter for the reception of ethereal forces were greatly different. The fauna and flora of Asia, Africa, America and Australia essentially differ from each other for the same reason. The Australian islands are separated from the Asiatic by a strait less than twenty miles wide, and yet that narrow arm of the sea has ever been an impassable gulf between the fauna and flora of those two great divisions of the world. Lyell, I conceive, assigns the true reason when he says, it is evident that Australia has but recently emerged from the sea, and he might have gone on to say, that the matter composing Australia had not been prepared for the reception of those ethereal elements that are necessary to produce the higher organisms in a state of nature. The marsupial animals, the ornithorhynchus, those strange birds, those peculiar trees, shrubs and plants, and even man, were all of a lower class of life in the organic world. Civilized man opened a way for different and higher ethereal forces to enter, and their reception has developed higher types of life into that part of the world. Doubtless the Australian group of islands emerged from the waters as early as the pliocene, or not later than the beginning of the Quarternary Period, which some of our wise men count by millions of years ago, and yet a narrow strait not wider than that which separates Calais from Dover has been an impassable barrier for the animals and plants of those two great divisions of the earth. It cannot be that geological reasons are sufficient to account for all this; physical causes have no doubt been more potent.

All our modern biologists refer to the undistinguishable forms of all embryos of organisms at a certain stage. Her-

bert Spencer expresses this idea more clearly and fully than any other, thus: "The germ of which a human being is evolved differs in no visible respect from the germ out of which any other animal or plant is evolved. The first conspicuous structural change undergone by this human germ is one characterising the germs of animals only—differentiates them from the germs of plants. The next distinction established is a distinction exhibited by all vertebrata, but never exhibited by annulosa, mollusca or cellenterata. Instead of continuing to resemble, as it now does, the rudiments of all fishes, reptiles and birds, this rudiment of a man assumes a structure that is seen only in the rudiments of mammals. Later the embryo undergoes changes that exclude it from the group of the implantal mammals, and it is proved to belong to the group of placental mammals. Later it grows unlike the embryos of those placental mammals distinguished as ungulate or hoofed, and continues to resemble the unguiculate or clawed. By-and-by it ceases to be like any fœtuses but those of the quadrumana, and eventually the fœtuses of only the higher quadrumana are simulated. Lastly, at birth, the infant belonging to whichever human race, is structurally very much like the infants of all other races, and only afterward acquires those various minor peculiarities of form that distinguish the variety of man to which it belongs." (Biology Vol. I. p. 141.)

This statement of facts is a two-edged sword, more dangerous to the hand that wields it than to the adversary. No known law of chemistry, or of all the recognized forces can account for or explain it. But upon the hypothesis here presented it is very simple. The early embryo is colloidal in its origin and constituents, a product of the vital force. It is formless, giving by its shape no indication of its ultimate form and structure. As before said, the vital force is common to all organisms, but of itself differentiates into none. The formative force, which is potential in the incipient germ, never mistakes, unites with the vital force and

soon commences the work of differentiation. No appliance of man can distinguish one germ from another, but there is a force connected with every germ that is sure, certain and unerring. That force must be distinct from the vital force which gives the first impulse to motion, but does not of itself direct the course of the movement. Another directive force comes in, when the motion is begun, to lead it to its ultimate differentiation. Like a skillful engineer who directs the movements of his locomotive, he starts out on a track that is common to many roads; he switches to the right, to the left, again to the right, turns a curve, switches again, and finally reaches the particular road leading to his destination; so this formative force guides and shapes the embryo from its earliest existence to its maturity. It may be said that this is a pleasant fancy, but not susceptible of any proof. Is it not as provable as any of the theories of Darwin, of Spencer, of Carpenter, and all that class of speculators in biology? They adduce no cases and raise no queries that are not more explicable on this theory than on the one they propose. Mr. Wallace forcibly observed: "There is no more convincing proof of the truth of a comprehensive theory than its power of absorbing new facts and its capability of interpreting phenomena which had been previously looked upon as unaccountable anomalies," or, I may add, unexplainable on any other theory. I conceive the Formative Force as general as the vital force, and it must be conjoined with special differentiating forces to produce all the varieties of organisms. Then follows, necessarily, the qualifying forces, the characterising forces, the intellectual forces, the moral forces, and, finally, the spiritual forces. Is it necessarily so? We know that life, form, quality, character, intellect, moral and spiritual forces are existing things. They all manifest themselves as forces, causing motion—action and results. They have an origin—not from matter, but from a higher source. We have seen that the lower forces are all imponderable—that they

are all ethereal—and there can be no violence in the presumption that the higher and more refined forces are also ethereal. The power that moulds, that gives form, is a step in advance of that which merely gives vitality ; that which imparts quality, as to plants, is another step ; that which differentiates character, is a step further ; that which gives devising, planning, judging and determining intellect again an advance ; and, finally, the moral and conscientious a still higher step ; and the last and highest, the consciousness of a living soul within us, which is immortal and indissoluble. These are all regular gradations in the organic world, and the substance which produces this succession of forces, is as necessary as the matter which composes the organism.

Ether is not vacuity, but is really more substantial than matter. Matter is passive, plastic and subject to the control, the direction and the formative character and action of the forces. In our material state we only perceive the forces by means of matter, but as pure intellects, with the power to see and to feel, we should be ignorant of the existence of matter, without the action of the Forces.

All material things are unstable, dissolving and temporal ; the forces are enduring, untiring, ever acting, but always in accordance with law. Matter does not waste or perish, but the forces are changing the relations of its particles to each other. We have seen that all the recognised forces are ethereal, and we have seen manifold results in the organic world that we cannot, by any straining of logic, attribute to any one, or any simple combination or correlation of the recognised forces. A higher, a more refined, a more definite and determined series of forces are necessary to produce all those varied results. Where shall we find all these forces ? Evidently not in matter. We find in ether the great storehouse of forces. It never can be exhausted—it is inexhaustible—and we may presume that there lies a great store of

forces, that have never yet combined with, or acted on terrestrial matter.

Every effect was produced by a cause—every product resulted from a force. The cause was efficient, the force was adapted and adequate. Fortuity did not generate the world and furnish it with its myriads of organisms. If it did it was a greater miracle than any the lowest superstition has asked credence for.

Let us restate the positions which we contend for :

1. That all force being imponderable, must be ethereal.
2. Matter being composed of some 63 distinct elements, we may from analogy claim that ether is complex with many elements, all of which are forces with distinct functions and effects.
3. That ethereal elements unite with material elements, and such combinations qualify the inorganic molecule, and confer distinctive qualities upon plants, and differentiating characters upon animals.
4. That such combinations of ether result from conditions which qualify matter for the receptive influence of ether.
5. The higher the grade of the organism, the more refined the ethereal combination.

Some further consideration of the fourth proposition may not be out of place here. The fifth will be more fully discussed hereafter.

The fossil remains of the several geological periods teach that certain plants and animals appeared upon the earth at a particular age or formation, lived and flourished for a time, and then became extinct. Others became leading features of their age, attaining immense proportions under the conditions that favored enormous developments, some of whose congeners still exist as insignificant plants, or a low order of animals. For instance, during the carboniferous age, what are now called club mosses, ferns and sand rushes, were large forest trees. Now in all time no other conditions

existed for such massive developments of those cryptogamous plants. The material conditions were probably a high temperature, an atmosphere charged with a large amount of carbonic acid, and an unstable condition of the crust of the globe at that early period. This instability is manifest in the coal-fields, where several strata of coal overlies each other with sand, clay and lime rocks intervening, showing several upheavals above the water level, and several depressions below it, during the coal formation. Near Mons, in Belgium, there are 114 separate coal strata, with intermediate layers of sedimentary rocks with more or less marine fossils, attesting as many changes of surface-level,—above and below the water,—during that period alone. These conditions, with others, were favorable for the action of ethereal forces to develop such monstrous growths of tiny plants, and lay up such stores of force and fuel for a remote future and for a race long after to appear upon the earth—was design manifested here, or was it fortuity?

The great saurian family, which infested the seas or browsed upon the land, from the Lias up to the Chalk, differed essentially on the two continents, as their congeners now differ, were developed under conditions that never existed previously or since. They were products of an age, and of forces peculiar to the age, that the world has seen but once. The conditions on the eastern continent differed from those of the western, and hence the difference in the animals. The genera was the same, but the species were very unlike.

So different countries within the same parallels of latitude have generated plants and animals of distinct genera and species as distinct as if produced upon different planets. How great the difference in the fauna and flora of Asia, Africa and America. Australia, too, exhibits an entirely new system of organic nature. To conditions alone, and the action of forces upon those conditions, can we ascribe these differences. Descent from a common ancestry is out

of the question. I have no squeamishness about being evolved from a monkey. Prove the fact, and I am willing that the worm be my mother or the toad my sister. But without the proof of a single instance of the transmutation of species in all the observations of man, in all time, I can only express my surprise at the number of disciples which that hypothesis has enlisted. C. Wyville Thompson, a profound naturalist and wide observer, well says : "The origin of species by descent with modification is as yet only a hypothesis. During the whole period of recorded human observation not one single instance of the change of one species into another has been detected ; and, singular to say, in successive geological formations, although new species are constantly appearing and there is abundant evidence of progressive change, no single case has yet been observed of one species passing through a series of inappreciable modifications into another." Herbert Spencer, philosopher as he is, adopts this hypothesis, says : "No one ever saw a special creation." And this has been echoed and reëchoed as answerable. But even Darwin claims an original from which all his species came, and if one, why not a thousand or ten thousand ? On their own hypothesis, the species came long after the special creation of the parent stock, and we can answer—no one ever saw a species originate. The wonder is that a theory so baseless, without the support of one fact, should find so many earnest and ardent supporters.

But we have seen special creations. Bastian produced them, and has given two large volumes detailing his processes. Every country housewife who makes yeast or vinegar produces them, by providing the conditions which will admit the action of the vital force. Man's processes are all on a minute scale, whether he be chemist, baker or vinegar brewer, and what he does or can do in a small way, Nature, with the abundant forces supplied by its author, does on the largest scale. Mountains of chalk are built up by

the minute foraminifera, and the largest animals are developed by forces so delicate and yet so efficient that man, in his wisdom, has never suspected their existence. Those huge bulky animals originated in a sperm cell too minute to be seen by the unaided eye, and yet there was a force that constructed upon that cell the ponderous frame of the whale or the elephant. That force was ethereal.

THE GATES OF THE MORN.

BY BELLE BUSH.

THERE'S an Angel that stands at the gates of the Morn,
 With roses and robes of the Orient born,—
 An Angel that sings while the Sky, dropping dew
 Is clothed in the light of all radiant hues.
 This Angel stooped down to my Spirit one day,
 When afar from Love's fountains I wandered away,
 And over my heart, on a bleak moor astray,
 She poured the sweet balm of a beautiful lay.
 Ah ! this is the BREATH of that wonderful lay
 She sang to my heart on a cold dreary day :

Thou art weary and fainting, oh ! child of the earth,
 Would'st thou know where the fountains of joy have their
 birth—

Where sing the sweet fountains of music and mirth ?

List the Angel that stands at the gates of the Morn
 And hear how she sings to the spirits that mourn,
 To hearts that are grieving earth-weary and worn !

Ho ! all who would enter the gates of the Morn,
 Let love in your hearts like a jewel be worn—
 In the depths of your hearts let the Christ-love be borne.

Let it live in your spirits and glow on each brow,
 And your hearts will no longer in sorrow bend low,
 But you'll sing by the streams where the "still waters flow."

With Love cometh solace, oh, child of the earth !
She will lead thee where fountains of joy have their birth—
Where sing the sweet fountains of music and mirth

Through love, and love only, is duty made sweet,
Or the steps that pursue it made steady and fleet,—
'Tis love, and love only, gives wings to the feet.

Love drops her words gently as rose-leaves let fall,
Perfuming earth's bosom, or dew-drops that call
For flowers to come forth from their darkness and thrall.

Make Love thy companion and try the sweet arts,
And the blessed enchantment her presence imparts,
For a balm she can give to the saddest of hearts.

Oh ! give her glad welcome and try the high art
She employs in her empire whence discords depart,
'Tis Love, and Love only, gives peace to the heart.

Let Love, then, Love only all matters decide,
And teach thee the faults of thy neighbors to hide,
Or viewing them tenderly, tenderly chide.

Oh ! spurn not the erring, laugh not at the weak,
Give only Love's kiss to Humanity's cheek,
And never the "bruised reed" burden or break.

Through the black slime of hatred crawl adders that hiss,
But Love giveth ever a passport to bliss,
And her rod of correction is Love's holy kiss.

Where bitterness rankles, where envy is rife,
There meet the dark spirits of anger and strife,
And the poison they carry embitters their life.

If met by revilings, revile not again,
Let the thorn that would wound thee 'neath roses remain,
'Tis the beautiful soul that gives pleasure for pain.

Let the good in thy brother be dear to thy heart,
With his vices and follies the truth has no part,—
It will live,—and will triumph the most through Love's art.

Men cannot defile it, though sunk in the mire,
'Tis the jewel of heaven that mortals shall tire
Of striving to tarnish or burn in the fire.

They may try it as dross in the furnace of pain,
But pure as when given the truth will remain,
And show never to angels one scar or one stain.

Oh! learn then the lesson Love bears to the earth,—
All truths that exalt thee are jewels of worth,
And none the less holy, though lowly their birth.

But, remember, Love never works ruin or ruth
To any who toil in the kingdoms of truth,—
For behold! Love herself is the holiest truth,

And when born in the spirit, then sink to repose
All the passions that add to humanity's woes,
For Love hides the secrets that hate would disclose.

Every heart knows its weakness, its burdens of sin,
What need to reveal them? Love says, "Look within,"
For God and each soul there's a witness between.

He shall judge thee and others, fear not, for the scale
Of justice and mercy He holds shall prevail—
In the triumph of truth, though its teachers be frail.

Oh! sing then in gladness the songs of the heart,
And the joys that they give thee to others impart,
'Tis Love, and Love only, gives food to the heart.

Oh! weary, half-famished, and pining for Love,
Is this world that might list to the angels above,—
And learn how they live, how they labor and love.

Ever calm, ever patient, and tender of speech,
Their thoughts flow in music, as waves to the beach,
And pure are the lessons they joyfully teach.

They pity earth's children, heart-starved from their birth,
For the love that would brighten their homes and their hearth,
For the love that would make them bright jewels of worth,—

They tenderly pity the offspring of shame,
But their hearts never censure, their lips never blame,
But in love for the lowly they hallow God's name.

So pity and love them, oh, child of the earth !
And thy heart shall have gladness, thy soul shall have mirth,
And thou'lt know where the fountains of joy have their birth.

Some minds are like streams flowing on to the sea,
Through fields where the sunshine lies placid and free,—
Where the clover, wind-wafted, coquets with the bee.

Some are like mountain rills, dashing along
Over rocks and through valleys with laughter and song,
But checked, they plunge on down abysses of wrong.

But some, like great rivers, too closely confined,
Fret the rocks that oppose them, and silently find,—
Or make in their progress grand cañons of mind,—

Deep, dark and mysterious, wild gorges of gloom
They may seem, and yet in them sweet wild-flowers may
bloom,
And gems and pure gold in their caverns find room.

No depths of man's nature are barren of good,—
Over desolate rocks swept the winds and the floods,
And the forests arose that for ages have stood.

Over all their fair tresses the Summer had care,
Her soft breezes fanned them, and birds of the air
Made nests in their branches and warbled love's prayer.

So over men's hearts let the sweet waters flow,
And the rocks shall be melted now hardening below,
And the vine and the roses will cling there and grow.

With love cometh knowledge, oh ! child of the earth,
She guards the sweet fountains of music and mirth,
She will lead thee where fountains of joy have their birth.

Oh ! seek her then ever thro' labor and song,
And end the rude conflicts that hate would prolong,
'Tis love, and love only, can triumph o'er wrong.
Oh ! the world knows not yet *half* the duty of love,—
It scarcely hath tasted the sweetness of love,
It dreams not, it feels not, how holy is love !
Love is life—"God is love," and the infinite source
Of all forms and expressions of beauty and force,
What mortals may hope then to trammel its course ?

Love lays the foundation of worlds, and her hand
Forms the billows of ocean to cradle the land,
And she buildeth the hills out of atoms of sand.

Love weaves the fair curtains looped up by the stars,
She maketh the swift winds and lightning her cars,
And the blossoming clouds of the morning are hers.

Love nothing despiseth, nor counteth as vain,
What *is*, she improves, in her hand loss is gain,
E'en the smoke of a battle she turneth to rain.

Love lives in all things and animates all,
And 'tis only when blinded to this, that men fall—
They reënter love's Eden who follow love's call.

Her companion is Wisdom, and pure, undefiled
Are the pleasures she seeks, and yet gentle and mild,
Her heaven's the heart of an innocent child

Love "thinketh no evil," she "seeks not her own"
From the peasant who reaps to the king on the throne,
She exacts not her tythe till the harvest is grown,

Through ages unnumbered she reaps and she sows,
Then patiently waits till the blossoming rose
And the lilies of love all their beauties disclose.

The soil planted first in each bosom is self,
And its flowers are man's pleasures, its fruits are his pelf,
While justice and truth 'live in books on the shelf.

But, ah ! 'twill be shown in the growth of each soul
That the highest self-love seeks the good of the whole,
And this beautiful truth every act will control.

All hearts then obeying her holy decree,
Will sing in Love's temples the songs of the free,—
'Tis Love, and Love only, can make the heart free.

Then greet the world lovingly, never with scorn,
And know, in thy heart, when the Christ-love is born ;
Ah ! then mayest thou enter the gates of the Morn.

Like a pearl-light of life, from the infinite sea
Where the soul finds its Summer, and hearts are as free
As the perfume of flowers when it sweetens the air,
And floats on the breeze, like a hymn or a prayer
That lifts from a grief-burdened spirit its care ;—
Like a messenger bird from the radiant shore
Where Morning has dawned and the "Night is no more,"—
Like the light of all beautiful visions combined,—
Like the essence distilled from all pleasures refined,—
Like our joy in the loveliest things that we find,—
Like these was the birth of that song to my mind.

Oh ! pearl-light of life from the infinite sea,
Oh ! breath of the Summer-land wafted to me,
I thank thee that ere in my heart thou wast born
As I labor and sing by the gates of the Morn,
Ah ! high the tuition and holy the art
That waked the deep fountains of peace in my heart

And taught me this beautiful lesson of life,—
“That a power comes with love that can triumph o’er strife”
And soothe the dark Spirits that wander o’er earth
By wild passions driven, sin-stained from their birth,
Since then with a patience and trust growing strong,
Through the blessings upspringing from sorrow and wrong,
I have toiled with the courage that cheerfully waits,
Oft hearing the angel that sings by Love’s gates,
Ever saying to mortals, “Behold ye the law,”
In the life that God giveth is never a flaw ;
Then cherish and shelter, but never deem low
One child that his wisdom alone can bestow,
But oh ! give it time, give it room here to grow.
In the sunshine of love let it ripen below ;
Then its fruits will be blessings, and curses no more
Will sweep o’er the world with their pestilent lore :
Every hand then will plant in Love’s garden the seeds
That will show in her harvest increase of good deeds,—
And the blessings of life will then equal men’s needs.

Then the jibe and the jeer and the passionate leer
Will give place to a smile and to words of good cheer,
And sorrow will meet here with sympathy’s tear.

Then prisons and chains, then the gallows and knife
Will mar not the growth of this beautiful life
Or wake the dark fountains of hatred and strife.

But men taught of angels will cultivate flowers
To bloom in life’s gardens as well as her bowers—
And Love, and Love only, give wing to the hours.

Know this, then, oh, mortals ! woe-wasted and worn,
In the depths of each heart when the Christ-love is born,
Ah ! *then* will ye enter the gates of the Morn.

Belvidere Seminary, N. J.

ADAM, THE FATHER OF MEN.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

PROEM—PREPARATION OF EDEN.

THE soil had been enriched, and the reproductive energies stimulated, rather than checked, by the late catastrophe. Soon the fields were again clothed with greenness, which, in the clearer air, now began to assume a still finer hue, the dark blue-green often giving way to brighter shades. The Grasses appeared in still finer and more beautiful types, the cereals ever tending toward a fuller and finer kernel. Herbs sprang up here and there, opening to the clearer light the varied apparatus for extracting color. Buds of more complicated structure now pierced the black mold, stage by stage, unfolding leaves and branches, and year by year putting forth flowers and fruit. They expanded into shrubs. They rose into the form of stately trees.

And when at length the atmosphere was thus prepared, birds, the most highly vitalized of all animal forms, were produced ; and in the elegance of their proportions, the splendor of their plumage and the sweetness of their songs, they made the waste places glad by the presence of a more exulting life and a finer beauty.

At length the heavens and the earth became clearly defined ; and the boundaries of day and night were determined. The sun, shining out boldly, sank behind the western hills. Clouds tinged with purple gathered around him, at his departure. Glistening lines of saffron shot through the paling sky ; a bright crescent broke the blue, and near

by, a softer light opened in the western sky. As the gorgeous coloring of the sunset faded, they appeared more distinctly—the Evening Star and the young Moon coming out for the first time clearly, to welcome and to smile on the fair-robed Earth.

The laden bee went, humming, home to deposit the honey in his waxen cells. The bird flew to her nestlings. Insects chirped in the trees, and frogs in the marshes. The owl hooted in the dismal forests, as he opened his large eyes in wonder at the light that came streaming through its somber aisles. Every beast either sought its lair or came forth for sport or prey. The hare gamboled in the meadows and the chamois bounded over the rocks.

Dews stole softly among the bending Grasses; and the sighing wind whispered lovingly to the dreaming of flowers; and when, at length, every other voice was hushed, out from the silence came the nightingale; and in the freshness and fulness of life sang her first holy hymn of love and rapture, charming the serene soul of Nature with music rare and sweet. Then the great heave and swell of the booming ocean, with its deep and far-off cadence, was heard rolling upward, as if responding to the Stars that sang the solemn anthem of Eternity. But at length the shadows deepened, and the Midnight stood alone, clothed in darkness, and inspired with the more harmonious music of a deeply breathing silence.

In due time the dusky drapery of Night was drawn aside, and the Morning rose. How beautiful! The horizon, for the first time, opened itself in a complete circle; and the firmament lifted up its magnificent arch, undisguised by a shadow. Bright colors adorned the East. In graceful wreaths the white mists furred gaily from the laughing Rivers. Golden sunbeams shot over the mountain tops, falling in rich floods along the valleys. Dewdrops flashed over the bending blades, and sparkled like diamonds among the grass flowers.

The air was cool and clear with life and sweetness. The Rose and Lily blossomed side by side, not rivals, but Sister Queens of grace and beauty; and innumerable flowers of every form, scent and hue, opened their dewy eyes to bless the morning that had called them forth.

The lark soared, singing, upward. The eagle sat on the tall, sunny cliff; and the hawk was perched among the gloomy pines. The humming birds sipped honey from the laden tube rose, or sought the daintiest blooms of mignonne or myrtle. The great Ostrich spread her wings, and ran along the desert. The Condor dropped down among the white Alpine cliffs, and the wild goose led forth her brood beside untroubled seas. The Crocodile came up and sunned himself in the great Eastern rivers; the Alligator in the Western.

The light, feathery foliage of the Palms waved gayly in the wind; and the massive Oak—a sentinel of ages—stood still and solemn, watching on the hill-side. The Pine woods, dark and musical, clothed the mountains, and yellow-flowered Acacias streamed, like floods of sunshine, over the hidden rocks.

The Elephant trode majestically through the giant reeds and canes, and the Jaguar roamed restless through his flowery woods. The Antelope bounded over the Eastern deserts; the wild Deer cropped the dewy herbage of the Western forests. The wild Ox stood, musing, as he came to drink from the clear fountains. The young calves gamboled beside their mothers, and lambs cropped the flowery turf on the hill-sides. Chattering Monkeys played merry antics among the trees, and the serious Ape came out and looked at the morning, as if there were something in it with a special message for him. The Cat gravely checked her playful young as she lay luxuriously in a bright and sunny nest of furse; and the Dog came out of his burrow and sat down, almost gloomily, ever and anon pricking up his ears with a wistful look, as if listening for his Master. Yes, he and all

the earth, although they knew it not, were ready and waiting for their Lord.

Thus, after the long and unsightly confusion of elements, air and earth, land and water, light and darkness were completely separated, and their boundaries established ; and the Evening and the Morning were the First Day.

THE LORD OF EDEN.

By processes analogous to what had occurred in the Vegetable world, the Animal system was gradually prepared for the ADVENT of the HUMAN.

So generations came and went ; and at length there were only four individuals of the most highly improved type, which had been, up to this time, continually advancing. These were two mothers and their offspring, a male and female youngling, In these two little ones were represented all the points of progress, which had been made by the whole. They were highly organized, in intelligence far superior to any that had gone before them, and even to their immediate parents. They fed on fruits, and lived in bowers. Something like a poetic sense, or a love of the beautiful, had been unfolded ; for they gathered polished pebbles and sea shells, and adorned their dwelling with flowers. They began also to develop something of the more interior spiritual principle. The stars, the moon, the winds, the sea, the changing seasons, but most of all the great round sky, arching up so grandly over them, awakened feelings and thoughts full of the mysteries of that higher life which was already brooding within them.

By the same catastrophe, which had nearly destroyed the remnant of their race, these mothers, at length, were widely separated. Each took her infant and fled in terror from the yawning earth ; and when the panic was over they sought each other in vain. Each, with her child, wandered away into unknown regions. But we are now confined to the history of the male offspring.

The erect brow, the compact and well-balanced form, the symmetrical limbs, the intelligent eyes, the oval face, the curving mouth and ruby lips, the well-formed features, the soft and polished skin, the florid complexion, the perfectly defined hands and feet, and the long, dark, waving hair, all conspired to show that the typical Man was prepared, and waiting to inspire that breath of the Most High which should call forth and develop a Living Soul.

The mother died early, and the youth, overwhelmed with the melancholy that seemed natural to him, wandered away, looking hither and thither, as if expecting something; but nothing could he see, in his great loneliness, that could yield him either sympathy or comfort. Thus he came to a charming valley, skirted by four large streams. It was fair and fertile, and enriched with everything that could gratify the taste, please the eye, or delight the ear.

Here he resolved to abide; and having rested from his wanderings, he built himself a bower, by twining together the young trees and climbing vines with which the place abounded. It was a green slope, looking towards the West. When he had finished his work he sat down. But how lonely it seemed. It was near night. The bee flew to its hive, the bird to its nest, and other animals sought their respective places. Every one dwelt with its kind. Even the Sun, that went down into the red bosom of the River, seemed to have there something to receive and enfold him. The hares came out and gamboled in the moonlight. Nightingales answered each other. Nothing was alone but himself.

Over-weary of this loneliness, he spread a pillow of blooming and spicy herbs on the soft turf; and lying down, soon fell into a profound sleep.

As he passed into this state, it seemed as if a heavy hand, which had long been pressing there, was lifted from his heart; and a sense of great joy, such as he had never felt before, filled it to overflowing, as if he had just then found

wings, and had risen out of the heaviness and the loneliness of life into a more blissful sphere.

Then a radiant being stood before him, in form like unto himself, but so beautiful, that when the eyes beamed on him his own fell, blinded with the brightness. But with an air of benignity, which seemed to veil his splendors, the angel, for such he was, approached. With a smile that seemed to open more of his interior being, he drew near the youth, and laid his hands, one on the heart, the other on the head.

Every pulse, every nerve, every fibre, thrilled at the touch. And then something within himself seemed to expand. It burst asunder, and the interior sight flowed forth. It mingled with that of the Angel. It was the same. The true Spiritual Essence, long wandering in many strange and uncouth forms—long imprisoned with its slowly unfolding consciousness—is now set free—born—created—with the perfect lineaments of a Living Soul.

He looked within, and began to comprehend himself. He looked without, beyond, around, and beheld others like himself, spiritual forms, then first visible, all created in the likeness of that wondrous Being, whose power and presence overshadowed and penetrated him.

Then he heard a great voice, which seemed to take possession of all other sounds ; and thus it spoke :

“Adam, Father of Men ! This day have I created thee in mine own image, and after mine own likeness, with the form and power of a Human Soul. Live, and advance forever.”

Then the greater power, which he felt but saw not, seemed to withdraw himself ; and the Angel and Adam stood alone, face to face ; and Adam was not afraid, for his interior powers were opened to see and know himself.

Then the Angel said : “Behold, thou art a man ! Go to thy work. This beautiful valley, filled with herbs and trees, whose seed is in themselves, is now committed to thy hand. Dress and keep it.”

When Adam awoke, the quiet moonlight cast the varied shadow of the vine leaves on the smooth ground before him ; and he began to ask himself *why it did so*. Then, as he recalled his dream, he became too unquiet for rest. Many he had before, but surely none like this.

He arose and looked forth ; and beheld he saw everything, as it were, with new eyes. The clear waters that went singing into the deeper night ; the dew that sparkled on the drooping herbage ; the wind that lifted with its delicate fingers the long wands of the willow, and winnowed fragrance from the locust trees ; the woven light of moon and stars ; the great arch of the blue sky ; but, most of all, the shadows, that flitted and came again with the stirring of the wind, were all filled with the unopened mysteries of life. He wearied himself with questioning them, until at length he fell asleep.

When he went forth in the morning he knew not that he was opening the first day on Earth of really Human Life and Labor. All the generations of men—all his own future—lay beyond the horizon, deeply hidden ; and yet he comprehended something of his own power and destiny.

The Drama of Human Life was ready for action on the stage of a New World. God had said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Slowly and gracefully the great mist-curtain unfurled itself, and the Second Morning stood forth revealed. All fairest shapes of beauty ; all highest forms of grandeur and sublimity, were grouped together with such harmonious effect as only the Divine Idea could have conceived. Beautiful to the eye, and pleasant to the ear were the sights and sounds that saluted the senses and penetrated the soul of that one sentient being, who walked abroad with the upturned brow of Man, exulting in the new and wonderful life which united in him all the freshness of youth with the strength and vigor of mature age. He was leaning against the stem of a tall chestnut tree when suddenly

he began to feel that well-known irritability of the system which demands muscular exercise.

Adam went to work ; and, for a time, in the exercise of those faculties whose large activity demanded scope, he was comparatively happy. The mechanical and philosophical spirit of the Man was beginning to stir ; and he was early led to multiply and strengthen the powers of his own hands by the help of certain instruments and missiles which were found ready made ; and then again to improve on these by some simple art which began to call forth inventive faculties. These instruments, if they might be called so, were very simple, but they served as aids in the processes of life.

At length his solitary life became almost insupportable, and when the rainy season came on, and he sat in the pleasant bower which, by help of the great glossy palm leaves, he had wrought into a comfortable shelter, the silence sometimes smote upon his heart so bitterly that he was fain to go out, and work even in the heavy rains rather than endure the solitude which had become a torture. But when at night he was driven back for shelter, and he heard the young birds chirping so pleasantly in the green roof, he sighed to think, that while he had given a home to them, he had made none for himself. It was, at best, only a shelter.

Wherever he went, every living creature had a companion of his own kind. The Lion, marching over the hot sands of the desert ; the Eagle, building his eyrie among the lofty summits ; the Elephant, tramping through the giant canebrakes ; the Tiger, leaping from his jungle ; the Horse, snuffing the perfumed breath of Araby ; the Crocodile, floating on the sluggish waters ; the Mole, delving in the earth ; the Lark, soaring up to heaven—every one had a mate,—finer and tenderer than himself, and fitted to answer all *he* could know of sympathy and affection. Why, then, was there none for him ?

This harrowing thought at length oppressed him continually. It arrested his hand amid the labors of the day. It

came to him with the shadows of evening. It looked on him with the eyes of morning. It protruded itself into his midnight dreams. It hung upon him with the paralyzing heaviness of a continual nightmare.

This is a sense of the necessity of union—a predetermination toward the fulfilment of that original law of Attraction, which binds every being, and every particle of being, by a two-fold power, that ever seeks to sate itself with its opposite. And whether it be simple Adhesion, tending to put on Form in the mineral, or conscious Affection, leading up to Marriage in the Human Being, the law is ever the same—manifest in the polarized particle, as in the Perfected Ultimate.

And the higher we rise in the scale of being the more important does this law become. because the points in the more complex powers, being both multiplied and refined, the necessity of union increases, while the opportunity of answering it diminishes in the same ratio. With brute animals it appears to be a mere sensual instinct ; yet many of them rise, occasionally, to something of the sanctity of real affection. Birds, being more highly vitalized and ethereal in their constitution and habits than other animals, furnish some remarkable instances of a true conjugal relationship. Many species select companions for life, and individuals sometimes die of grief for their loss.

With even the lowest of men, something of taste and fancy must always mingle with passion—something that beholds in its own completed Selfhood, a foreshadowing of that perfect unity of life toward which every human soul unconsciously stretches its wings ; for any true love, however trivial, makes the heart more noble, by dividing its interests with another.

But between the Ideal of the rudimental human being, and that of the most highly endowed mind, there is always a wide difference. The first can find companionship of some sort, almost anywhere ; but the last who are the appointed

Leaders in the great progressive march of Society will find but few equals, and consequently few who could ever respond to them; and even these, by the many accidents of life, will be often turned aside. Yet this is not to discourage the great and lonely ones who have risen to high places; for they keep the gates of Exodus, only through which can the Human Race be led out into truer conditions.

Then let them work on in faith, giving their light to shine before men, ever sustaining a True Marriage, as the very corner-stone of all virtue; or daring celibacy rather than ill union. With good words, and lives of great and holy power, they shall yet triumph over all misdirection, and at length gradually lift up the human spirit into that high atmosphere, where it can behold the Image in which it was made, and comprehend something of its own sanctity.

As these higher minds are related to ordinary men, so was Adam to the inferior races of the primeval world. But he found his companion; and if they may not do this—if the worst come, and they are denied for a time that sympathy which their higher nature craves—and craves all the more, because it *is* high, let them still keep the gem unsullied; for that angel of the truer life, who can best appreciate and love, it shall yet claim, and be enriched by its immortal power and beauty. With these incidental remarks, which may have a word of comfort and assurance for some lofty and lonely Soul, let us now return to the History.

It happened, just at the close of the rainy season, that Adam, having retired to rest more lonely and depressed than his wont, fell into an unusual train of impressions. A pair of turtle doves had built their little love-nest close by his own solitary bed; and between the intervals of dashing rain, he heard them, in low, loving whispers, talking to each other. He had been listening for some time, with that sense of irritation, which the near approach, or semblance of a blessing, that we greatly desire, but cannot have, often causes.

He knew not that he dreamed ; but at length he saw the female bird leave the nest. She came and sat on a bough that hung over his couch. Had she, the mated, the happy, come to taunt him with his poverty—to make his misery more intolerable by contrasting it with her own happiness ? The soft eye, so full of pity ; the low, loving tones, forbade such a thought. There was a mysterious power and expression, in the whole presence and action of his little visitor, which irresistibly awakened hope. Ashamed of his suspicion, he stretched out his hand, with an inviting gesture. Softly and timidly, the dove crept to his bosom. She folded her white wings, and nestled there, looking up in his eyes with a soft sweet note of rapture.

He was bound by a spell of fascination. He dared not stir, lest he should break the charm ; and with the blessed thought in his heart, that there *was* something to love him, he soothed himself away into unconsciousness.

A touch, as of a strong hand laid on his arm, aroused him. He looked up ; and the Angel, whom he had often seen, stood before him, saying ; “ Arise and go forth ; for this is reality.”

The simple toilet and morning meal were soon dissipated, when, staff in hand, he set forth resolving to trust himself to his impressions, which he had already begun to respect.

Thus he journeyed for many moons, finding such shelter as he could, by night or noonday, following the course of the great river Euphrates away to the north-east, until at length he drank of its fountains among the fall cliffs of Ararat. Thence continuing his course due north, he entered one of those charming vallies, that bloom like gardens among the mountain of Circassia.

It was evening ; but the traveler rested not, though many a way side cave invited him to shelter and repose. The setting sun dipped into the waters of the western sea, leaving only an arc of gold above the horizon. This also at length was gone ; and the purple and saffron faded away, leaving a

mellow luster, as of liquid amber, diffused in the air. The earth was bright with bloom, the air ladle with the scent of flowers. The sound of running waters and the hum of insects mingled harmoniously. Birds lingered on the wing, as if the sense and spirit of beauty had wiled them from repose ; and small animals came out of their nestling places, and sported freely in the clear evening air.

As the traveler passed on through this scene of wondrous beauty, he saw various marks of intelligence, which led him to think he might be approaching some human habitation ; for such he conceived to exist, although he had not seen them. Bowers were scattered, here and there, as if designed for luxury and repose—for the pleasures of the mind, and the rest of the body. And there was a certain decorative order in the wild pomp of nature, which led him to exclaim, “ Who has done all this ?

At length he approached a perfect cloister of embowering vines. Clambering roses wove their fragrant blossoms into the verdant canopy ; and the pale stary flowers of the aromatic myrtle peeped out of the greenness, with a perfume delicate as their own spotless petals. There was a profound shadow on all sides. It was only open to the sky, whose deepening blue now began to be studded with a few pale stars.

Adam lifted the silvery fringes of the Clematis vines, that closed the entrance, and looked in timidly, and yet confidently, as if expecting that there should his steps be stayed.

Was the form that stood there, draped in the full flood of that wondrous light, one of those angelic beings, that sometimes smiled upon his dreams, only to point with a keener sorrow the loneliness of waking ?

The serene blue eyes, the long fair hair, whose sunny waves, like the golden light itself, hovered round her ; the glowing hue of the polished skin ; the modest sweetness of the whole figure ; the grace and symmetry, which he felt must live in every motion, though as yet she stirred not,

bound him in a willing thrall, until his whole consciousness was merged in one intense and overwhelming sense of beauty.

He saw the timidly outreaching arms, the softly inclining head, and the radiant expression of joy, when he recognised in her his old friend and playmate, whose loss he had never ceased to mourn. And she, too, expected and recognised him, as he did her.

They were drawn toward each other by an irresistible attraction ; but the Angel came between, and lifting Adam from the ground, where he was nearly sinking, he took him by the hand, and blessed him, as he did also the beautiful stranger. And he gave them to each other, to be husband and wife, Father and Mother of all human generations.:

Adam was no longer alone :

“For when she came in Nature’s blameless pride,
Bone of his bone, his Heaven-anointed bride,
All meaner objects faded from his sight,
And sense turned giddy with the new delight.
Those charmed the eye ; but this entranced the Soul—
Another Self-queen-wonder of the whole !
Rapt at the view, in ecstasy he stood ;
And, like his Maker, saw that ALL WAS GOOD.”

When the Angel was gone, and they sat together side by side, a sense of holy joy filled their hearts ; for the deep pathos of their long loneliness had made them purer—worthier of each other, and of their present happiness.

Adam led his wife home to Eden ; and when they rested by the way-side, they told their stories to each other. In all respects they were the same, except that the spiritual unfolding of the woman had preceded that of the man by a few days. This had happened at a time when the bright and lovely young creature had fallen nearly into a state of despair for the loss of her mother. Thus, all inferior relationships had been opportunely remove ; and they alone were all in all to each other.

They dwelt together in that wholeness of heart, which is the normal condition of marriage. They knew that they were created for that beautiful union, to which God and Nature and the good Angels had so truly led them. And when the young wife brought forth her first-born, Adam named her Eve, because she was mother of all the Living.

THE PLATFORM.

BY CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR.*

WITH the advent of the Spiritual Philosophy of this century, came the corroborative spiritual phenomena; and both were hailed with delight by a few waiting souls scattered over the hills and valleys of the Earth. Like all other recipients of great truths, they were unselfish and non-exclusive; but with love and good-will toward their fellows they would disclose the wondrous evidences of Immortality that had been vouchsafed to them, that all might participate in their joy. But *where* should the proclamation be made? From what proper place should their burning words of hope and fruition be pronounced?

Remarkably practical questions;—that thrust the sharp points of their interrogations into the very faces of the would-be Evangelists, and taunted them to reply!

The *Pulpit* was locked behind the Preacher, and it was, besides, the sole property of the church, whose very walls were built to *hold in* the old revelation, and *wall out* the new. From the dome of St. Peter's to the "little church round the corner" waved the flaming sword of the defending angel of the old faith, till from absolute necessity the new disciple

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and self-elected preacher stepped upon the Platform, without at all realizing that the Dispensation of this New Faith fitly belonged there ; not a man of them saw the wonderful adaptation of things in this severe necessity ; but to me, it seems to have been directiy appointed, that the broad, open *Platform* should supercede the *Pulpit* in the declaration of the Gospel of To-day, though the new gospel in nowise depreciates the real value of the old, but offers present *revclation*, which is more vital to living men than past *tradition*. Then my claim is, the *Platform* is ours ; and shall be so long as we hold it consecrate to the indications of spirit-life, and to teaching *how* the fact of unending individual existence and spirit communion may be a practical blessing to the life that now is.

If one should wander away into the rural districts, where railroads and telegraphs have not disturbed the movements of ancient manners, he will find for the sole instruction and guidance of the people a Pulpit, and not a Platform, a dim and dusty place where antique reverence still has an altar, and the shepherd of the village pastorate is so loftily enthroned, that the tallest deacon of his flock has literally to look up to him. "Fearfully and wonderfully made" was that old consecrated structure—a gigantic martin-box, reached by a winding stair, and shut up against intrusion by a snap-lock ! There, venerated for place, if not venerable in person, the good pastor was, in truth, confined to 'his notes, whether reading or exhorting ; and if he was a man of moderate stature, his three feet of lateral range was contracted to the top of a high stool, that he might see, over the parapet, his people that he fed below. Think of such men as Mr. Beecher on a tall cricket over the heads of his congregation ! and then admire and wonder how the painful preacher of the past could have caught the winged messengers of inspiration, while so cooped up in a narrow box, seeing only the bald tips of elderly heads, like cobble stones on a sea-

beach—or the isolated peaks of upturned noses, like a shoal of herrings on the surf!

But that perch has come down in lands this side of sunrise;—and departed forever from familiar sight. The Pulpit has come down to pew-level, and spread itself abroad into the Platform. The teacher and leader of the roused intellect of to-day must have something more than a step-ladder to give himself exaltation in the eyes of men—and so intimately is the stir of the blood and muscle allied to the flash of the intellect and the flow of the moral power, that when that is *cramped*, these are *obscured*.

In the regulating of the moral and intellectual world, whereby the masses are brought up, and the teacher brought down into more intimate relationship, there need be, and there should be, no loss of reverence and wise respect in the masses, and no vulgarizing of the tone of the teacher. But where every man and every woman may be hearer and teacher in close alternation, the deference of the one shall merge easily into the dignity of the other, and a kind of courtly equality displace ancient servility and arrogance. Herein should the leveling tendencies of the age have an expressive symbol; inasmuch as the old perch of authoritative dictation has come to pew-level—it has also broadened and taken in all worthy fellowships, and all noble sympathies. The snap-lock sentry-box of the old watchman on the "walls of Zion," with its dust and loneliness, has been replaced by the open field, accessible to all, while the large freedom of the body is a just type of the large freedom of the soul. The repose of the world is now but a midnight bivouac, an army sleeping on its arms. Progress is not entrenched, but on the march; there are no walls to the soul armed with the weapons of truth, and this democratic age makes a soldier to-day, and a citizen to-morrow; now a Governor, and now a man; at Washington a President, at home a private gentleman.

In exact keeping with this new order of the world, is the

ready transition from benches to rostrum, from teacher to taught—and henceforth all names of high and low shall but indicate some alternating office of the one individual sovereign, the equal peer of all. We fall back upon intrinsic values, when we carry unstamped metals to the market. The open Platform puts a man to a crucial test of his own grace and dignity. The battlemented height of the Pulpit threw a charitable cloak of deal and upholstery about the awkwardness of the clergy, and the high sanctity of place shielded their spiritual and mental left-handedness, which now have no suffrage from eyes level to the standing, not to say understanding of their teachers. Coming down to the people—open on all sides to the people—the Platform is the people's arena, the democratic Pulpit, and a significant landmark of a new departure, in which mere position ceases to be distinctive, because the place is open to all who have a well-ordered word of truth to utter, while the wide freedom of the body, kept in order by the laws of natural grace and decorum, fitly formulates the spiritual and intellectual liberty that must also have its laws of grace and decorum.

The *proprieties* of the Platform are easily described from its nature and purpose. As it belongs essentially to the people, to be used by the people, for themselves in their broad humanity, it is therefore, obviously, the duty of the temporary occupant to remember, that he is but for the moment off the benches, to serve, not his own ends, but the general welfare. If he has an aim selfish and apart from that, his place is not there, where all is broad and equitable. The spiritual fanatic may not presume, that his closer approach to the multitude is only to give him easier access to the pockets of men, as a compensation for the last terrors he could once display from a dim ærial perch. The demagogue, or social fanatic, should not be left to imagine that this great arena was constructed for his special convenience, and that when he would set a trap for the unwary he has only to take the platform, and allure them by his specious pretences ;—

well, he knows what planks will tilt in an unequal tread and on what bar he can support himself when the downfall comes to crush his dupes. His purpose being identical with himself, let his vantage-ground be no wider than his boots, and no firmer than his principles ; and let us leave him to build his own arena, and for the love of humanity never offer, nor allow him ours.

The Platform, in becoming the public Pulpit, fairly precludes its use for merely private purposes. In inviting all, it offers service to all, and exclusive convenience to none. A stand-point so high and inaccessible as the Pulpit, may seem fit for the solitary despot to whose empire it has sometimes served ; and it has always seemed aloof from common men, —it looked down upon them in dusty and purple pride—it, shut them off—it was dictatorial and authoritative—it was the pulpit of an order, and not of the *Race*.

In becoming broad and open, its sympathies are common ; and in stooping toward the level of mankind it invites them, —it fellowships them—it serves them, or is itself a fraud. Here Virtue is the only strength—Reason the only test—actual Knowledge the only authority, and Spiritual Power the only exaltation. But the Platform has withal its consecration as inviolate as that of the old pulpit. It is consecrated by integrity of mind and heart, and it is dedicated to Humanity, to Progress, and all truth which can be apprehended by by all earnest souls, and nothing is foreign to it which is not alien to human welfare ; and nothing is at home upon it, which is adverse to that welfare. Mere personalities are a degradation of its function, and to make it an engine of abuse—of vituperation, or personal condemnation, exculpation, or adulation, is to desecrate it more than ever pulpit was desecrated by the merest hireling, or the grossest usurpation by a polluted church. Their act was but narrowing a narrow aim—this is the desecration of the broad liberty of all ; a mere clique suffered there—Humanity suffers here, with every such abuse.

Less guilty, but not less vexatious, is the invasion of the Platform by the inspiration of vanity, and the great mission of hearing one's own voice. It is a mild sort of sin, perhaps, but a very severe affliction. Once there was no ground for protest, for the people were passive, and the master only could speak. Sad for us if he were a dullard, sadder if he were a rogue. Against the first, the honest crude hearer has now the protection of lungs and feet; against the last, the sharpened wits, the sarcastic pen, and the freedom of all decorous speech.

We as hearers can now make laws for ourselves as preachers, for offices so interchangeable have but one interest, and one code. From the preacher we have the right to demand every one's *best*, on peril of our displeasure and removal; and we have also the right at length upon fair trial, to decide, that his best is not good enough; though we can be patient with short-comings in our temporary teacher, for we too, may fail in adequate expression; but we shall, at least, aim at a high and worthy success, and not insult a needy and patient people with the crudities of laziness, or the shallowness of neglected, or even unprovided opportunities, even though we may claim to be efflated by Cicero, Edwards, Isaiah, Lorenzo Dow, Paul or Jupiter.

Eloquence as a distinctive aim is nearly obsolete, and well it may be, when matter is so subordinate to manner, that a speaker's page is marked at studied intervals, like the actor's play-book, with "*here weep*," "*here freely use the handkerchief*," and "*here wait for applause*;" which examples are not without illustrious practitioners. But an earnest purpose gives earnestness to manner, and a true thing said in the very fashion it inspires is always eloquent.

Did the crudest, or the most eloquent man, ever confound Everett's *art* of eloquence, in his most artistic tones, and rhetorical periods, with Sumner's *heart* of eloquence, when he plead with a husky voice for the quick passage of his Civil Rights Bill; or in that martyr-speech of his, in which

he urged the claim of millions of American black men to liberty? No, never! any more than a famished man confounds painted confectionery with the savory soup, that will send warmth and life to every nerve and organ of his perishing body. So sincerity is above all things in place upon the platform. It gives singleness of aim, with directness of speech, and precludes every low and selfish purpose. A soul may be sincere and narrow; but a soul can hardly be sincere and mean.

But we want there something more than earnestness and honesty; these keep up the right tone, but may be lacking in scope. Give us with all, ideas that have been caught from the breezy heights of progress; from reverent daring, and profound investigation; from actual experience, and with the individual motive laid bare to the innermost consciousness—before taking expression as fact or opinion in the public place. For the hungry will seize eagerly whatever is thrown in their way. We who have seen the advent of this new era of spiritual development have had sad and abundant proof of the eager hunger of humanity for something positive concerning the future, and are often taunted with the charge that our Platform has not given anything adequate to the needs of men, but has dealt from it only the flesh of goats, and the broth of abominable things, and we, in reply, say only this:

That the rapid influx of the whole kingdom of unrest to the vortex of this new opening, proves where the hollowness existed, and what the common want has been. If shallow souls have not escaped that want, and have enacted folly in their haste to be wise—and self-inflated souls have essayed to offer their own foolishness as wisdom, to the disgust of the wise, and the disgrace of the weak—charge it not on us, nor on our faith! Too *eager*, because too *needy*, they have grasped the dross with the gold, the husks with the bountiful wisdom, and counted both alike precious—all sacred which bore the mark of mystery on its forehead. Charge it

not on us, I say, but on the dry fountains that have given them no water—the old shepherds that have famished their souls with sapless husks ; for, Mr. Chairman, we know that a well-fed flock will not hurry into poorer pasture, and that a starved flock will hardly be select in any.

Among all sects there are glib tongues, whose opinions have not a deep root in their souls ; because they never question an experience, never analyze a thought, never chase home an emotion to the heart. At the announcement of any subject, they open their lips to instruct the wise—and their smooth words run like water from the mouths of those horrid Gargoyles, carved at the corners of old feudal castles, and the eager hearer strains every faculty to get a meaning from their words. They seem full as a fountain in Spring, but give out only what should be claimed by the waste-pipe.

There is also a class of brains that seem to act automatically, and if one could know what they had last heard upon a given subject, he could at once determine what they would next utter upon it. These children of volubility belong on the benches, and must let their thought take root, before any amount of inspiration will make them teachers of an intelligent public. And, friends of the Platform, have we not wrung this lesson from our twenty-six years of experience—that *our Platform* must nourish the brain and soul of intelligent people, or drop from beneath our feet ? But while we keep steadily before us our first noble purpose—good-will to humanity, and a better hope for all—we shall escape many of the worst abuses of the popular platform, and have only to be patient with some earnest oddities, tolerant with some sincere platitudinarians, and the crudities of half-development—and of these we can well be tolerant—while the great *Platform* movement, as a unit, sets steadily on to the end that is *Highest*, and so, at last, must come by the way that is *Purest* !

A LESSON OF LIFE.

J. ELFRETH WATKINS.

TEACH not the young to think of death with fear,
With awful dread to contemplate the hour,
When soul, no longer linked to mortal clay,
Shall rise, triumphant, to the realms of love—
Immortal as its great primeval Font ;
The source of all that's just, and pure, and good—
Amid the mystic music of the Spheres
To dwell for aye ; 'mong all the sages wise,
And warriors great, who've walked this mundane Sphere,
E'er since from chaos it was first redeemed.
The same great law, that rules in simple things
Controls the lives of all. For all on Earth
Must die—must *die to live* again. The rose,
Chilled to its heart by Winter's blast, seems dead,
But gentle Spring, with genial warmth, calls forth
Its fragrant blossoms to new life. Renewed
In strength it rises from its grave, to fill
Its place in God's all-wise design. And so
Shall we, the mightiest creatures of His hand,
Rise from the dust—made pure and more refined—
To bud and blossom on the flowery hills
That mark the boundary of the Angel-land.
E'en as a Rose, transplanted to good soil,
And cared for with a gentle hand, each day
Gives forth a sweeter perfume from its buds—
So we—transplanted to the sunnier shores,
Where Angel-gardeners nurse and cherish each
Outgrowth of soul—will grow more pure and sweet,
And bloom and shed our fragrance on the shore
Where first in wildness we took root.

SWEDENBORG.

BY GEORGE SEXTON, M.D., LL.D.

In deep trance-slumbers, when the world, asleep,
Lay in the arms of Night, and wept or smiled,
His liberated soul raised from its dust.
We led him far beyond the veils, and floods,
And labyrinths of sleep ; the clouds of death
And all the shadowed dwellers in the world
Were far beneath him. Through his consciousness,
Streamed the celestial sunrise.
Cities and temples of celestial space
Were mirrored in his mind."

T. L. HARRIS.

"SWEDENBORG ; or, The Mystic," so Emerson heads his essay on this extraordinary man. But what is a mystic ? It may mean a person who suffers from an aberration of intellect, and who, under the influence of a species of insanity, writes that which no rational being can understand, and which, in truth, is meaningless, to him from whose brain it springs. On the other hand, the term may be used to describe one who has a deeper insight into nature than his fellows, and whose powers so far transcend those of ordinary mortals that his whole soul lives in a region only familiar to a favored few, and whose language is not comprehended by the mass of mankind, simply because the ideas that he endeavors to express are such as they can neither comprehend nor appreciate. Swedenborg belonged essentially to this latter class. He rides down the ages like a mighty Colossus, in the presence of whom even great men look like pigmies. Seldom indeed, in the history of the world, has such a man appeared ; and perhaps it is better for humanity that it should be so, since the light of more than

one sun in the firmament at the same time would dazzle to excess, and perhaps injure thereby. He stood alone in his generation, and no one since has in any way approached him in point of greatness.

He was an isolated specimen of humanity. One foot of his he planted in this world and the other he rested firmly in the celestial region. Half his time he was a practical student of Nature in her most material domain, though always discovering a spirituality in her laws which other men failed to see ; and the remaining half he dwelt in spirit-land, holding converse with beings, real or imaginary, which it was not given to other eyes to perceive. His notion of the two worlds was that they were curiously intermingled the one with the other, and that, consequently, it was possible to live, to some extent, in both—a doctrine which modern Spiritualism has done much to make popular since that time. He was not only a great thinker, but a most practical man and a voluminous writer. When one looks at the numerous books that sprang from his mighty brain and ever-active pen, to say that astonishment must be the result is to use too mild a term. And when it is remembered that these are upon the most varied topics, such as Decimal Coinage, Tides, the Construction of Docks, Sluices, Algebra, Physiology, Natural Philosophy and Mineralogy, on the one hand ; and "Heaven and Hell," "The Wisdom and Love of God," "Angelic Wisdom," "The New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine" on the other, it will be seen at once that few—very few—human beings could have been competent to the task of their production. In all his books he displayed not merely the inspiration of a genius, but the insight of a seer. He looked through the external coatings of Nature and saw the secret springs by which she was moved. "We enjoy in Nature," says Jean Paul Richter, "not barely what we see (for were it so the woodsman and the poet would feel only the same pleasure), but we enjoy that which we impute to what we see, and our feeling for

Nature is in reality only what we imagine with regard to it." Swedenborg brought to Nature the mighty powers of his gigantic mind, and hence the vast knowledge of her forces which he obtained. To him there was "a soul in all things" and he held it to be his especial business not only to discover this, but to learn something of its mode of action.

Within the last few years the works of Swedenborg have acquired a wider circulation than could have been expected considering their mystic character. This is probably due largely to the spread of Spiritualism, some of the doctrines of which are nearly akin to his own. The increased and increasing study of German philosophy and the large circulation of the works of what are called the Mystic Poets, have also doubtless tended to the same end. The religious followers of Swedenborg are insignificant when compared with many other sects, and exercise but little influence upon the age, but the name of their master becomes, every day, a greater power than before. The Swedenborgians are a good enough sort of people in their way, but as a rule they are as narrow-minded and dogmatic as the Methodists, and care more for respectability than truth. Indeed, in founding a sect at all, they have completely departed from the teachings of Him whose name they bear. He declared that all the churches were dead, but never dreamed of forming another. All sects, he maintained, were without any living, active principle ; but still he did not think to mend the matter by adding another to a number that was already too large. He laid claim to supernatural revelations, professed intimate acquaintance with the denizens of the other world, and advocated doctrines directly opposed to those taught in the old creeds, but never hinted at becoming the founder of a church. In truth, on the whole he had a considerable contempt for forms of worship, treating chapel-going as a very good thing in its way, but very liable to be abused if carried to excess. His ideas were those of Goëthe—

"Grau, theurer freund is alle theorie,
Und grün des lebens goldner baum."

Virtuous deeds were with him the all-in-all, and religious ceremonies things which, though they might be useful for a certain time, were of themselves perfectly valueless. Faith, the leading principle in other creeds, in his was very largely ignored, and its place supplied by love. The doctrine of the Trinity as held by the orthodox, and the popular theory of the Atonement, he looked upon—the former as an absurdity, and the latter as mischievous in the extreme. Jesus Christ, he taught was the only God in heaven and earth, and the terms Father, Son and Spirit, simply used to describe Him under different manifestations, a doctrine which looks as irrational as most of the others on the same subject. He explained the Bible by a mystical rule, and those books that did not square with his theory when the test was applied were at once discarded as uninspired. By this means he considerably reduced the number of books in the Scriptures, and he did not hesitate to declare that many Bible heroes, looked upon as saints by other denominations, were in hell. This is a summary of his religious views; but all these dogmas he considered very unimportant when compared with the practice of virtue and the manifestation of love. His was a religion more of the heart than of the intellect.

The most important element in the teachings of Swedenborg was his doctrine regarding the future life. Man is man, he argued, to all eternity—nothing more, nothing less. Death, he held was simply a change of place, and did not and could not involve a change of character. The notion that the world of spirits is inhabited by beings of such a nature that, possessing none of these attributes of matter, it is impossible to form any conception respecting them, and that these ethereal existences occupy their time in sitting on clouds and singing the wretched doggerel called hymns, to still more wretched music, he treated as childish non-

sense. In the next world man must be man or nothing ; and this must appear tolerably clear to any thinking mind.

If after death I find myself shorn of some of my most prominent passions, and possessed of feelings and dispositions totally different from those that go to make up my character here, it is clear that my identity is gone, and that I have become another individual. To Swedenborg the next state was a kind of perpetuation of this. Man is the principal object of study, because the highest of Nature's works in this world or any other, and because humanity has been made sacred by its having been dwelt in by the Lord. Swedenborg recognizes no devils that had been once denizens of the celestial courts but had fallen through sin, and were cast into hell through disobedience ; nor any angels created as such for the purpose of flapping their wings and shouting through eternity the monotonous cry of Holy, holy, holy. His angels and devils are all human, men and women—but with the natural body thrown off—who have once lived upon earth like ourselves, and whose humanity has not been extinguished by death. His heavens and hells are all peopled by human beings whose virtues and vices are very much the same as ours are to-day. In the future world as in this they eat and drink, love and hate, labor and rest, engage in courtship and marriage. In the hells there is unbridled lust—in the heavens, the purest conjugal love ; both, however, are purely human. Indeed, so much does the other world resemble this, that many after death are there some time before they become convinced that they have departed from earth ; and in this point in particular do Swedenborg's doctrines resemble modern Spiritualism. This is all rational enough so far ; but there is one point in connection with it, of a most objectionable character. The good are eternally becoming better, and the bad worse. To say nothing of the absurdity of dividing men into good and bad—the former destined to improve and the latter to degenerate, since the worst have some virtues, and the best some

vices—it is a horrible thought that evil is to be eternal. This is the one great blot in Swedenborg's system. "Evil," says Emerson, "according to old philosophers, is good in the making. That pure malignity can exist is the extreme proposition of unbelief. . . . To what a painful perversion had Gothic theology arrived, that Swedenborg admitted no conversion for evil spirits! But the Divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers; and man, though in brothels or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true." Burns, with the wild humor of his apostrophe to "poor old Nickie Ben"—

"Oh! wad ye tak' a thoct and mend,"—

has the advantage of the vindictive theologian. Everything is superficial and perishes, but love and truth only. How infinitely superior is the doctrine that in the end, however far distant, all shall be good and pure, to the monstrous dogma that throughout eternity some shall revel in crime, or endure the torments of being roasted on infernal grid-irons, tortured by malignant fiends and writhing under unbroken despair.

As a philosopher, however, Swedenborg will always be held in high estimation. He is peculiarly the property of thinkers, not shallow-brained readers of sensational trash under the guise of works of fiction, or the theological rubbish yclept sermons and religious tracts. His scientific discoveries—and they were not few—may fade into insignificance beside other and greater ones that future ages may bring to light, but his philosophy must always be interesting to the student of Nature. Emerson truly says of him; "A colossal soul, he lies abroad on his times, uncomprehended by them, and requires a long focal distance to be seen; suggests as Aristotle, Bacon, Selden, Humboldt, that a certain vastness of learning a *quasi* omnipresence of the human soul in nature is possible. His superb speculation, as from a tower over Nature and arts, without ever losing sight of the

texture and sequence of things, almost realises his own picture in the "Principia" of the original integrity of man. Over and above the merit of his particular discourse is the capital merit of his self-equality. A drop of water has the properties of the sea, but cannot exhibit a storm. There is beauty of a concert as well as of a flute ; strength of a host as well as of a hero ; and in Swedenborg those who are best acquainted with modern books will most admire the merit of mass. One of the missouriums and mastodons of literature, he is not to be measured by whole colleges of ordinary scholars. His stalwart presence would flutter the gowns of a university. The reason for this is that he studied Nature, as a whole, and not in fragmentary or disjointed portions. Every part bore a definite relation to every other part, and especially to man. Even his supernatural revelations, his communings with spirits, taught him the perfection of humanity. God is only known through His Divine humanity. His whole philosophy might be summed up in Pope's famous line :

" The proper study of mankind is man."

The universe with its ten thousand phenomena and the multiplicity of its forces, had to Swedenborg a deep, hidden meaning, resulting from the unity that pervaded it and connected all its parts with each other. It was what was said of the French Republic—"one and indivisible." No portion could be studied separately in piecemeal ; it must be looked at as a whole. But what a mighty mind it required to accomplish this ! Yet this man was equal to the occasion. All the tendency of modern science is in the direction in which Swedenborg's philosophy pointed, and every new discovery made to-day tends to show more clearly how gigantic a mind he had.

It is still the fashion amongst orthodox religionists to declare that Swedenborg was a kind of lunatic. He had some genius, they admit, but was a little crazed in his religious notions. He was a very good man in his way, but

wandered in the regions of mysticism until he lost himself, and never could find his way back to common sense. Yet there never was a more practical mind than his. He devoted himself to the various branches of science with a result seldom equaled. Physiology, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Mechanics, Astronomy and Mathematics were as familiar to him as "household words." He could speak a dozen languages, and, seemingly, no topic lay outside the domain of his knowledge. There is scarcely a trade or an art that he did not know as well as its professors, and his erudition was something almost superhuman. Simple in his habits, unostentatious in his character, he was a perfect model of a true gentleman. He would delight in playing with a child and listening to its innocent prattle, and half an hour afterwards he would be found sounding the depths of immensity. Those who call him madman know little of his works and less of his character. Their stock of knowledge would be greatly improved had they but a hundredth part of that possessed by him on any one given subject. Whatever may have been the source of his intellectual power, it was indisputably of a most extraordinary character.

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BARBARISM OF CIVILIZATION.

AT best we are only partially civilized. Even the religious classes are more in love with pomp than purity. As a people, we respect political power, military chieftains, and gunpowder, rather than intellectual achievements and moral heroes. Even enlightened America has so much of the old spirit of barbarism remaining, that we read and write histories of rulers rather than of the people. Fame is still won on battle-fields, while the ministers of Peace must look for their record in heaven. We build proud monuments to successful generals; but thistles often grow above the heads of philosophers, and only the daisies bloom on the poet's grave.

S. B. B.

The Editor at Home.

JUDGE ISRAEL DILLE.

Justum et tenacem propositum virum ;

A RIPE scholar and wise teacher ; an eminent scientist and profound philosopher ; an original thinker and a strong writer ; and, withal, a man of great moral and spiritual power—having filled up the measure of his years in honorable service of his country and mankind, suddenly, but calmly, retires from the scene of his labors. JUDGE DILLE devoted the last hours of his noble life to this JOURNAL ;* and we should dishonor our own manhood did we not pause here, to pay this tribute to the memory of one of the purest and ablest men of his time.

At the beginning of the present century the father of our subject lived in Jefferson county, in the North West Territory. The family appears to have been influential among the early settlers in that region, and the particular locality came so be known as Dille's Bottom. It is situated about sixteen miles below Wheeling, on the river, in Belmont county, Ohio. Here Judge DILLE was born, in August, 1802. He was still an infant when the family removed and settled near Cleveland. This journey through an unsettled country—without roads, and covered with the primitive forests—

* In completing the series of papers on "Matter, Ether and Spirit," one of which appears in this number. These, and JUDGE DILLE's other contributions to the Quarterly, all illustrate the clearness of his conceptions, the independence of his thought, and the affluence that at once commands the treasury of knowledge, and fitly clothes the creations of the mind.

was performed on horseback, the Mother carrying Israel in her arms.

Cleveland was then near the western outpost of civilization, and not beyond the occasional incursions of wild beasts and hostile Indians. The rude scenes of border-life and the rugged labors of the pioneer—familiar to Israel in his childhood and early youth—doubtless had something to do in forming the strong mind and noble character of the man. He was neither enfeebled by indolence, nor corrupted by base indulgences—fostered by our corrupt civilization. Fortunately, he received his early education, and his character was formed, before the era of our fashionable weakness and political degeneracy. During the first fourteen years of his life his educational advantages were extremely limited. He was without teachers, save such as he recognized in the great kingdoms of Nature ; and his knowledge of books was restricted to the few volumes in his father's possession. Among these was a work on astronomical science, which he studied carefully, and with increasing interest. This aided the development of his faculties, and determined his subsequent preference for scientific pursuits.

He was fifteen when he entered school at Washington, Pennsylvania, where he remained several years. His father, being a man of limited means, it became necessary for the son to teach school, a portion of the time, to enable him to pursue his studies. After completing his collegiate course, he continued his vocation as teacher at Somerset, Perry county, Ohio, at the same time pursuing the study of the law, under the direction of the late Hocking Hunter of Lancaster, in that State. After being admitted to the bar, he settled, in 1826, at Newark, Ohio, where his character as a man, not less than his legal acquirements, attracted public attention—secured many friends, and success in his profession. He was recognized by Thomas Ewing, William and Henry Stanberry, and other eminent men, as a young lawyer of great promise. He was their peer, and in many im-

portant cases demonstrated his ability to cope with the most distinguished lawyers in his native State.

After an honorable career of some fourteen years in the legal profession, he found his health seriously impaired. In 1840 he retired from the practice of the law, and traveled with a view to the recovery of his health, and the acquisition of knowledge. He examined the whole country from Lake Superior to the Gulf. His remarkable power of observation and retentive memory not only enabled him to acquire a vast amount of topographical information, but he carefully studied the geology of that whole region, and became familiar with the natural products and mineral deposits along the entire lines of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

But it was not alone as a scientist that he surveyed the country. He readily perceived the vast possibilities of that region, and anticipated the great natural improvements and business enterprises that would inevitably accompany the development of its immeasurable resources. He saw the necessity for new outlets for the products of the great valleys and the broad prairies; for other channels of communication, and the facilities for rapid transportation between the storehouses of the West and the seaboard. At length he became enlisted in one of those grand enterprises, devoting much time, great energy, and rare intelligence to the prosecution of the work. But his experience was substantially that of many other men, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the accomplishment of objects of great public utility. He lost the fortune he had previously acquired. He was sacrificed, but the work was ultimately successful. He was emphatically the pioneer of the railroad and mining interests of Ohio. The very men who, many years ago, regarded him as an enthusiast, have realized large fortunes in the success of the schemes he projected, and the public interest has been vastly promoted by his remarkable foresight and broad interpretation of the necessities of his time.

Many years since, when Newark, Ohio, was comparatively

a small town, Judge DILLE was elected Mayor, and in that capacity did much to promote the interests of the place. Under his municipal administration the public Park, known as Court House Square, was graded and ornamented. The little elms, planted by his hands, have become stately trees, and this public ground is now one of the chief attractions of the place. His various and important services are not forgotten by the people ; but a generation, that has risen since he administered the city government, yet holds his name in respect, and his services in grateful remembrance. On the occasion of his last visit to his old home, a deputation of prominent citizens met and welcomed him to the place which, long ago, his intelligence and public spirit had contributed to improve and beautify. It was a grateful recognition of his public services. This tribute of respect, from the authorities and people of Newark, was all the more appropriate and significant, since it was paid to one whose superior attainments and exalted character had already rendered him her most distinguished citizen.

Not only was the practice of the law, in some respects, unsuited to Judge DILLE'S tastes, but he instinctively recoiled from the rude conflicts of the political arena. The constitution and habit of his mind determined him to seek the more peaceful walks of life, and his chastened ambition chiefly aimed at mental and moral achievements. These he recognized as the principal levers that lift the human race up to higher conditions. But his love of retirement, and his strong preference for intellectual pursuits, were accompanied by no visible trace of weakness or irresolution when great principles were to be defended, and the institutions of a nation were required to pass through the fire of revolution. His idea of the uses of adversity is clearly expressed in a little poem, written when the rising cloud of the late Rebellion was beginning to overshadow the Republic. We extract the following stanzas from his

BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.

These days of trial and of gloom
Arouse a nation's brain and heart ;
Awake new powers, and give them room
For work, that peace could not impart.

The gold must in the fire be purged ;
The trenchant blade is formed in fire ;
So hearts and intellects are urged
To mighty deeds by trials dire.

How few of all earth's noblest sons
Had left a name, had not distress
Wrung their high souls, to deeds or tones
Which coming ages love to bless?

A Homer, or a Milton blind,
A banished Dante wake the lyre
To strains most thrilling and sublime,
By words like blows, and thoughts like fire.

Judge DILLE was—during the greater part of his life—a constant and careful student of the physical sciences. He was an expert in many departments. His familiarity with the record of modern discoveries, and the application of scientific principles to art and industry, was something remarkable. In Geology, Botany and Meteorology, he was an acknowledged authority, and a most instructive guide. His information was general and particular, embracing principles and details ; and, in respect to his favorite studies, his knowledge was both intimate and profound. His pursuits were eminently unselfish. If he approached the sources of political influence, it was in the interest of civilization. If he asked a favor at the hands of the law-making power, it was never for himself alone, but for Humanity.

When the geological survey of Ohio was in progress—about thirty years ago—the Judge spent some time at the

State Capitol, with a view of promoting the legislation demanded to insure the successful prosecution of the work. While the survey was under discussion, he frequently met with Gen. Garfield, who was then a member of one branch of the Legislature. For many years after the completion of the work, nothing occurred to bring them together, and they did not meet again until after the war. In the meantime the Judge—reduced in fortune, but enriched by his long and varied experience—had accepted a situation in the Internal Revenue Office at Washington. After the Rebellion Gen. Garfield was elected a member of Congress. Soon after he came to Washington, Judge DILLE, in company with a friend, called at his residence. The General did not at once recognize his old friend and coworker; but he subsequently remarked, that at the instant the Judge came in, “he had an impression that *that* man meant geology.”

At the ripe age of seventy-one years, our friend was extremely active and vigorous. He found no difficulty in walking several miles into the country, over the hills, and along the banks of the Potomac. He always carried his hammer, and every visible object in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms was sure to arrest his attention. In these journeys he frequently had some companion, attracted by a similar love of knowledge, and, especially, by the interest of his conversation, in which the principles of science were freely illustrated by incidents in his experience, and anecdotes of distinguished scientists. These excursions were continued almost to the close of a life full of beautiful uses. His hopes were firmly anchored, and not a cloud obscured his vision. To the last hour of life on earth, the mind was clear and strong, and his sun went down with more than meridian glory.

His last day in time was spent at his desk, in the faithful discharge of his clerical duties. In the evening, accompanied by Mrs. Dille, he called on a friend. When they returned home, he remarked that he would go to his study, and look over his last article for BRITTAN'S JOURNAL. He

was thus occupied one hour, when, leaving his work, he informed his wife that he was very ill, and would retire at once. We extract her brief description of what followed :

“I called Dr. Hood, who lives next door. He found him suffering from an aggravation of the trouble of his heart. In twenty minutes his life went out, without the least appearance of dying. It has ever been his desire to go in the vigor of his physical and mental powers, and his prayer was answered. He was never brighter nor happier than on the day he passed ‘Over the River.’”

Dr. Hood, who well understood his case, ascribes his sudden departure to *Cardiac Apoplexy*. Thus in his earthly maturity—in the fullness of manly strength, and the free exercise of every noble faculty—he quietly laid aside his mortal habiliments, and serenely walked forth, clothed in the white robes of the Spirit. *Sic itur ad astra*.

The translation of the Judge was signalized by a special meeting of the officers of the Internal Revenue Department, over which Commissioner J. W. Douglass was called to preside. Among other resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting, the following was unanimously adopted :

“Be it Resolved, That in simplicity of character, honesty of purpose and extensive and varied information, Judge DILLE has left behind him, in this Bureau, but few equals, and no superiors; and that while we mourn our own and the community’s loss, we will cherish the memory of his many virtues, and keep alive the remembrance of that Christian charity and kindliness of temper which illustrated and adorned his character, sweetened personal intercourse with, and lent a charm to, his official and every-day life.”

In his brief tribute to Judge DILLE, the Commissioner observed, in substance, that, not long after he made his acquaintance, he discovered that he was a man of excellent judgment, great sagacity, and possessed of unusual stores of knowledge. His rare attainments in the several branches

of science were combined with an amiable and childlike disposition and gentle manners.

From a letter addressed to J. T. Vinson, of the Internal Revenue Bureau, by A. Wellington Hart—formerly associated with the Judge in his official capacity—we extract the following :

“I fully appreciate the character of one who, from every standpoint, could not fail to rivet the admiration and respect of all who were fortunate enough to know him. A man of scholastic attainments, with a mind which was a treasury of knowledge, capable of discussing the most abstruse subjects ; his learning not confined to *belles lettres*, but a close student of all that promoted the arts and sciences, he was at once willing and desirous of imparting the result of his studies for the benefit of his fellow-men ; and I always looked forward to the few leisure hours left to us after business to commune with him and enjoy his delightful society.”

On seconding the motion for the adoption of the Resolutions, Judge Clark said :

“Mr. President, Judge DILLE, whose sudden death we are called to deplore, was an uncommon man, and his equal is not often met. God, in his beneficence and wisdom, vouchsafes to the world only occasionally one of this pattern, to demonstrate, perhaps, the highest possibilities of human nature.

“I became acquainted with him about six years ago, and I immediately became impressed with the excellent qualities of his character, and our intimate acquaintance which followed strengthened my impressions till they grew to an unbounded admiration for the extent and accuracy of his learning, the ripeness of his judgment, his absolute equity, and the irreproachable purity of his motives and life.”

We have only space for a few words from Mr. Arnold's feeling tribute to the memory of our friend.

“In looking over the history of my intercourse with Judge DILLE, for the last sixteen years, . . . I can not point to a single time when

he was morose or sour, or when he was out of sorts with the world, or was angry or dissatisfied. He always seemed to be cheerful and happy, and delighted to see his friends, . . . among whom he did not need the official dignity of title to give him consideration. The guinea stamp could not add anything to the pure gold of his truly royal character.

“He had a son, an only son, who, like so many others, went down in the war for liberty and Union; and those of us who suffered similar losses know how severe an experience that is. But he shed his tears in private, and neither this loss, nor the others which had preceded it, disturbed at all the even serenity of his life, which continued to flow on, like a full river towards the great ocean where all his hopes and interests were centered.”

Mr. Poesche read a paper on the life, character, services and sacrifices of Judge DILLE, from which we select brief passages.

“The history of mankind was his favorite study, and a well-read scholar he proved to be. Whether the migrations of our own race from Asia to the western confines of this continent, or the mounds of the American aborigines had to be investigated, he was always the same painstaking, conscientious, untiring student of human history. His name will forever remain connected with the investigations concerning the American mound-builders. . . . In his youth his heart yearned to make the liberty, so dear to him, universal. In his manhood came the struggle. Not for a moment did he hesitate on which side to place himself; his head was too clear, his heart beat too warmly to admit of hesitation. He became a staunch supporter of human liberty through all the varied trials that cause had to undergo until its final triumph. His only son fell on the battle-field for liberty. Who ever heard a complaint from him? The great cause consoled the mourning father.”

Henry Ames Blood read an original poem, written for the occasion. The inspiration of his muse is so full of genuine feeling, that we must give place to the following lines:

"One heart is truly desolate !
 And many hearts are sad, and many an eye sheds tears ;
 For he, the loved and honored, has gone down—
 Leaving us here, and leaving his dear mate,
 Whose happiness to his was flower and crown—
 Into the vale of years.

For greater loss than ours
 Men's tears are seldom shed ;
 Nor ever did a maiden scatter flowers
 Over the graves of many worthier dead ;
 Nor ever did the wondrous life which warms
 Here on the earth, or burns in any sun,
 Glow brighter or show happier, in one
 Of all its myriad forms.

Nowhere within the universal whole
 Around us, or below us, or above,
 But his sublime, all-comprehending soul
 Found something to desire or love.

* * * * *

So he loved Nature ; and he sought
 His treasure-trove in every secret nook ;
 And found it there, where others deemed it not ;
 For unto his fond eyes
 A daisy-leaf was richer than a book ;
 And all was harmony and sweet surprise.

But he has gone, and borne away with him
 These riches into other realms than ours ;
 And so it is with tears all eyes are dim ;
 But who that knew shall not remember him,
 Whenever and wherever we may stray,
 Upon a summer's day,
 Roaming the fields, in love with trees and flowers !"

Mr. DILLE had served the people of Newark, Ohio, so long and faithfully, and he was identified with the progress of the place in so many ways, that he clung to it with fond affection. There he had spent the greater part of an active and useful life ; and there, too, he proposed to rest at last, away from the bitter strifes of the world, and the avarice that often robs the dead of their small possessions. Long

ago he secured a plot in its cemetery, where, on a Summer's day, in 1863—while reposing for an hour in silence and shadow—his heart's prayer found expression in the following :

O bury me here in this deep, deep shade,
Where the evergreen boughs will over me wave,
By the constant murmuring breezes swayed,
In a solemn requiem over my grave.

And raise no stone o'er my mouldering dust
To tell the thoughtless who slumbers here ;
The grave will be faithful to its trust,
And love will its cherished memory bear.

For this body, wearied with toil and strife,
Needs the repose of this quiet place,
That my spirit may burst into higher life,
To find no limit to time or space.

Then bury me here in this deep, deep shade,
Where the evergreen boughs will over me wave ;
An emblem of glories that never shall fade,
And of life undying beyond the grave."

The prayer of the good man was answered, and his mortal remains now repose in the cemetery at Newark. One of his old neighbors read this prayer at the burial, and they made his grave

"Where the evergreen boughs will over him wave."

The intellectual and moral development of Judge DILLE was characterized by unusual harmony and completeness. His devotion to the physical sciences did not render him less reverent in a rational sense, nor otherwise materialize his mind and life. His view of the Universe was so broad, and his aspirations were so pure and high, that he found a Spirit World necessary at once to complete the vast realm of Universal Being, and to realize the soul's prophecy of its

own infinite possibilities. He looked at the whole spiritual movement, and all its seemingly incongruous developments, with the eye and the understanding of a true philosopher. In his private correspondence with the writer he often expressed his convictions on this subject. His faith in the sublime realities of Spiritualism, and its certain triumph over human ignorance and prejudice, is expressed in a letter of recent date, from which we copy a passage in *fac simile*.

It will not always be fashionable among scientific and religious men to deny the facts of Spiritualism. We are yet in the early twilight of ^{the} Spiritual day. A higher revelation is impending, of more consistent, more substantial teaching leading to more profound philosophy & more sober morality. Light will work its way. But it will be by means, and if any lucubrations will be among the means I shall not be unaided. I hope to conclude what I wish to say in two more numbers, tho' I have materials collected for several volumes.

*Truly Yours
J. Billy*

SOCRATES AND EVIL SPIRITS.

AS we have reason to apprehend that Dr. Gray may not be the only friend who has misapprehended our meaning in the use of the word *evil*, as applied to Spirits and mortals, we need offer no apology for publishing the Doctor's letter, and our reply, which follow in this connection.

New York, Feb. 8, 1874.

DEAR BRITTAN :

I can not recall any testimony, from my readings about Socrates, that he ever believed in the Asiatic notion of Satans, devils, and evil Spirits.

You say (No. 1, Vol. II., p. 9) that he believed in good and *evil* Spirits; and I know you will not be offended if I ask you for proof that he believed in evil Spirits. I know that he believed that man—on leaving the body—would advance more slowly toward the true and the good if he had here devoted himself to animal appetites, than if he had lived for the soul; but he also taught that all men would at last attain true life. I think, also, that Pythagoras said nothing of evil Spirits.

Yours truly,

JOHN F. GRAY.

S. B. Brittan, M. D.

Newark, Feb. 13, 1874.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

Your note of the date of the 8th instant is before me. It may be my fault that I am misunderstood. I use the term *evil*, legitimately, I think, to represent those qualities which tend to *injury*, or to produce mischievous results. Whether applied to Spirits or mortals, I use it in no absolute sense. I am accustomed to say of some men,

who disturb the harmony of society by their chaotic passions and abandoned lives, that they are evil, as compared with others whose lives approximate the standard of Divine order, and who consequently never interrupt the social harmony.

Now, when I say that Socrates believed in good and evil demons, I would be understood to affirm no more than appears to be virtually conceded in your letter, namely, that some human beings who have departed this life are still disorderly, or evil, as compared with those who on earth lived out the conviction that virtue is the only nobility. In other words, those who in this world "devoted themselves to the animal appetites," inevitably carry with them the moral consequences of their unbridled lusts; and all this is strictly compatible with our ideas of the divinity within, and the endless progress of the Spirit.

I accept all you say respecting the views of the great Athenian Philosopher. I do not for a moment entertain the idea that he believed in the perverted Christian notions of *diabolus*, and a separate order of infernal agents. But if many human Spirits are so benighted as to have no conception of the celestial life—are not yet prepared to see clearly and live truly—the fact appears to warrant the conclusion, that some Spirits are now, and will continue to be, relatively evil until they "at last attain true life."

Firmly believing that such a life is the prospective and certain inheritance of all, I rest with Socrates in the conviction that the Divine image, however obscured, will yet be revealed in every human being—that the present darkness will be followed by ever-increasing light and the ultimate glory of an immortal transfiguration.

I am yours sincerely,

S. B. BRITTAN.

John F. Gray, M. D.

J. K. INGALLS.

THIS representative of the Land Reform was born in Swanzev, Mass., July 21st, 1816, and is now in his fifty-seventh year. He was the youngest of six children, and at the age of four years lost his father. His mother, being a woman of decided energy, contrived to keep her little brood together until, one after another, they were able to go out into the great world and make places for themselves. At the age of twelve years our subject had commenced to seek employment abroad during the summer season, but spent his winters at home in going to school, occupying the hours not employed in study in doing whatever was most necessary about the homestead.

Subsequently the boy went to a trade; but soon after completing his apprenticeship he met with Rev. William S. Balch—of the Universalist denomination—who seems to have changed the current of the young man's life. He immediately commenced the study of theology, Mr. Balch rendering him such assistance as he was able. Mr. Ingalls' first settlement was in 1840 at Southold, L. I., where he remained some three years. After preaching two years in Danbury, Conn., he returned to Southold and there remained until the New York Association of Universalists—alarmed at the growing liberalism of the younger ministers—reduced the theological platform to such narrow dimensions that our friend fell off, with several of his brethren. There was no one hurt, and the principal loss sustained was on the part of the denomination. Ecclesiastical councils have very little to do in making and unmaking such men as Ingalls, who found outside the church standing ground so broad and firm that he never troubled himself to so much as attempt the recovery of his old footing in the sectarian institution.

Of late years Mr. Ingalls has distinguished himself by his uncompromising hostility to Land Monopoly, and for the warmth, earnestness, and intelligence with which he has defended the just claims of Labor against the unrighteous exactions of Capital. In this service he has labored with uncommon zeal and great disinterestedness, and has made himself a place in the minds and hearts of many of his toiling countrymen. It will be inferred from the subjoined embodiment of his cardinal idea—expressed for this special purpose—that Mr. Ingalls looks in this particular direction for the incipient developments in the process of social regeneration.

In person Mr. Ingalls is rather below the average stature, but well organized and capable of great endurance. His temperament is nervous sanguineous; and his large front brain indicates an unusual preponderance of the reflective faculties. He is self-centered, and never disturbed by trifles; his manners are simple and free from the slightest appearance of ostentation; and his voice, which is well modulated and musical, never suggests the presence of the destructive passions. Though not especially prepossessing at first sight, Mr. Ingalls has a very transparent face—constantly illuminated by a benign expression—that never fails to inspire implicit confidence in the purity of his motives and the integrity of his nature.

MR. INGALLS' IDEA OF REFORM.

“An effective limitation of the right of private property in the soil, and in the crude material gratuitously supplied by Nature—out of which all wealth is developed—must constitute the initial step in any rational solution of the social problem.”

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. H. Ingalls". The script is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping initial "J" and a long, horizontal flourish extending to the right.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

I.

QUALIFYING THE TRUTH.

IN these days we meet with many persons who are neither very earnest nor very brave. They remind us of St. Peter, who followed his Master afar off. They express their conviction only when they are satisfied that the enemies of truth are all out of the way. Their moral courage is so weak that they timidly shrink from ordinary daylight. As to any mental illumination they must have the light modified and partially *obscured* by passing it through some modern theological medium. Some false, fashionable shade must be placed over and around the source of light, and we must look at everything through a lens that will reduce the grand objects of the New Creation on earth to the dimensions of a toy shop, and the supernal glories of the Heavens to the dignity of a magic-lantern exhibition.

There is no disguising the fact that there are many people who want the truth presented to them with great caution and reserve. They would not have any one disturbed by thinking that we have a really serious purpose in anything we may have to say. The advocate must stand at a distance from the vital issues comprehended in his theme, and so qualify every word that it shall mean nothing at last. If one dares to give utterance to a strong and manly thing he is suspected of being aggressive by those who *dodge* when the truth is spoken aloud. Such people merely want to be amused in a harmless and fashionable way. They greatly need the services of Mr. Skylark, who pipes to the moon; or they may require the gentle ministry of Miss Philopena, who improvises rainbows and weaves rhetorical bobbinet, while she lightly sprinkles the

crowd with a species of spiritual cologne-water, in which delicate fancies are substituted for substantial facts, and force is lost in fragrance.

II.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

THE expounders of certain effete systems of theology have much to say about the destruction of the world. We believe with certain important qualifications. The truth is, the world is destroyed every day, but there is ever "a new heaven and a new earth" to come. This great globe is not consumed—is not likely to be—but the present world of human devices is hourly brought to judgment. Its proudest structures, wrought of what men call substantial elements, and its "castles in the air," crumble and fall together.

But this is not only applicable to human systems and institutions, but in an important sense to the material creation. The organized forms of the earth are perpetually changing. Plants, animals, and men live, die, disappear and are seen no more. New forms are developed in their places, and these in turn pass away. The solid rocks waste by the slow process of disintegration. Even suns and systems grow old and worlds decay. But from the very urns which contain the ashes of the Past a Spirit goes forth to awaken the forms of a new creation. If within the invisible spaces of the Infinite there are blackened skeletons of wasted worlds, we know that far off, within the veils of the nebulæ, the germs of other orbs wait for the quickening of the Divine Spirit.

Science is overwhelmed with images—vague and shadowy they may be—of new combinations, forms, forces, relations and applications. Every day the world perishes and the world is renewed. It dies, and it is born again. And thus the morning lights and shadows come and go, and the fairer forms of a new creation are veiled in the evening twilight of the dying world!

III.

IS SCIENCE DEAD ?

WE have among us a class of men who resemble the cold-blooded species of the animal creation, and who think that science must necessarily be quite naked, frigid and almost lifeless to be worthy of presentation. It must be wholly free from all ornament. It must be neither animated by the glow of fresh life, nor warmed by the fervor of a summer atmosphere. All that might render science attractive, even to women and children ; and, in that case, the bearded savans might no longer be left alone in their glory. Those who prefer fossil remains to fresh flowers ; who can see more beauty in a fleshless skeleton than in a symmetrical human form, and would rather embrace an Egyptian mummy than a creature full of life and palpitating with emotion, should have their preferences consulted ; but we can neither be expected to supplement their science nor compliment their taste. We never suspected that the strength of science depended on its nakedness. It does not appear that architectural ornaments necessarily weaken the superstructure ; that the earth is less substantial because the meadows and mountains are enameled with flowers ; or that a man must be weak because he is handsome, well dressed, and has a fine complexion.

IV.

ALL NATIONS INSPIRED.

WE do not deny that the ancients were inspired ; but the records of their experience are in no sense inspiration to the living generation. In the psychological no less than in the physiological sense, inspiration is a present and vital experience. In no sense was it ever confined to the Jews. Other nations have experienced the divine *afflatus*. The word of God and tongues of fire were given them. They

have drawn their inspiration from Nature and the Heavens, and can afford to dispense with the favor of kings and the votes of councils. The sealed credentials are of no use to such men. A great soul, or one who is truly inspired, does not require a letter of recommendation or a diploma. You feel the power of his inspiration at a distance. You do not stop to debate the question which the potent magnetism of his presence at once decides. Should one write an eloquent preamble, and then resolve that *the stars shine*, he would be laughed at, chiefly, we suppose, because the fact is self-evident.

V.

THE NOBILITY OF NATURE.

THE noblest natures never rest their claims to recognition on the natural advantages of a comely personality, a musical voice and graceful bearing; not on the accident of birth and illustrious parentage; not on inherited powers and possessions; not on the exquisite blending of the stronger faculties and more delicate susceptibilities of human nature; but rather on the self-imposed discipline of all the faculties and affections, and a kingly mastery over the baser passions and the outward circumstances of the world. Such men and women, whether born in affluence or in poverty, belong to the nobility of Nature whose rank even the gods will not dispute. Such natures are refined and exalted by what they suffer as well as by all they enjoy. The fires of sacrifice burn up the dross that is in them, and the ordeal of the furnace leaves their natures purified. The fearful struggle along the thorny ways of the world may, after all, scarcely darken the countenance or so much as leave the obscurity of twilight on the illuminated soul. The dense clouds that gather in the earthly atmospheres of baser natures never eclipse the mind and heart, if the realm wherein we live and move be above the superficial phases and aspects of human life.

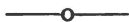
THE SOLAR HARP.

WE find nothing in literary annals more remarkable than the improvisations of THOMAS L. HARRIS. In originality of conception ; in scope of thought and wealth of imagery ; in rapidity of utterance and power of expression, they excel all similar creations of the human imagination of which we have any knowledge. The themes of the Italian *Improvvisatores* were generally the characteristics of the persons present, and the circumstances of the occasion on which they exercised their powers. They were playful fancies and odd conceits, sometimes sparkling with wit and often felicitously expressed. But there was never an instance of a grand poetic conception embodied in rhythmical form, measured and modulated with artistic precision—carrying with it the seal of genius and the internal evidence of an unseen and masterly power.

But the poetic inspirations of Mr. Harris are from higher sources and of a superior order. From early youth he was accustomed to write verse, and many of the Lyrics that required no effort, on his part, attracted public attention and were widely copied by the press. They were like pure rills from an unseen fountain—clear, sparkling and melodious as mountain brooks. But the first effort that fairly unsealed the invisible springs and revealed the mysterious depths of his inspiration was “The Epic of the Starry Heaven,” an improvisation of over four thousand lines. The time actually employed in the delivery of this remarkable poem—incredible as the truth may appear—was only *twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes*. On this point we are qualified to speak with authority. The fact can be established by the testimony of the living witnesses of the performance, and the Editor of this JOURNAL acted in the capacity of amanuensis on the occasion of its utterance.

In the Epic there is a sublime and solemn Psalm, in which the inspired poet conceives of the chief orbs in solar space as forming a grand LYRE, one chord of which—representing the Earth—is untuned. Death usurps the throne of one of the great Angels of the Starry Heaven, and Night veils the face of one of the planetary nations. But the Earth, touched by divine fire, is renewed; the dominion of the fallen Angel is restored; and the Human Race—one of the twelve solar nations, long overshadowed by the darkness—at length lifts its face out of “the shadow of death,” aglow with the light and glory of Immortality!

We have long felt that the original conception should be wedded to appropriate music; and, at length, our desire is realized by an artist and author whose reserve has often concealed his merits from a wider public observation. It appears to us that Professor Harrison has imbibed the spirit of the Solar Harp and given it a new expression. Under his hand the great thoughts and lofty imagery of the Poet have been translated into that universal language which at once charms the sense and chains the passions; touches the deepest sympathies of the human heart, and inspires the worship of all nations. The Solar Harp, words and music, will be found on the concluding pages of this number.



NATURAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

ZSCHOKKE was for a time altogether skeptical respecting the existence of a power or faculty now known as clairvoyance, but he made many experiments with a view to satisfy his own mind. At length the numerous facts which came under his observation overwhelmed his skepticism, and the development of the vision in himself vanquished the last doubt that overshadowed his mind. This discovery greatly modified his views of Nature and the Soul.

RECKONING WITH THE GRAPHIC.

IN our advertising department will be found a large number of critical testimonies from influential papers and eminent persons, in this country and Europe, respecting the peculiar merits of this JOURNAL. All these opinions were voluntarily expressed. With few exceptions we are personally unacquainted with the authors. We know, however, that several of them have no faith in phenomenal Spiritualism, and little respect for the general character of our current literature. Sustained by the cordial approval of so many intelligent and disinterested witnesses, we can well afford to smile at the contrast presented in the following grotesque illustration of journalistic criticism—from *The Daily Graphic*.

“BRITTAN’S JOURNAL is a quarterly review devoted to Spiritualism. The contributors are all mortals, but they evidently write for spiritual readers. It is, at all events, quite clear that mortal patience is not sufficient to grapple with the tremendous essays written in emancipated grammar which are contained in this number. When it is said that the contributors are mortal, it is not intended to preclude the assumption that they have written while under the control of Spirits. Indeed, since we have learned from the veracious Andrew Jackson Davis of the existence of the Diakka, a race of malevolent Spirits, who are constitutionally unable to tell the truth or to refrain from mischief-making, it seems highly probable that BRITTAN’S JOURNAL is edited by Mr. Brittan, assisted by a council of eminent Diakka. The latter, having instigated him to the publication of a review which no man can read, and retain his reason, have doubtless filled it with contributions inspired by themselves. The sooner Mr. Brittan awakes to a knowledge of the fact that he is the sport of these bad Spirits,

the sooner will he cease to furnish sport to sane men who read his surprising and preposterous review."

We rather expected our "review" would surprise somebody, and, perhaps, be too much for his reasoning faculties; and on these points we now have the assurance of our illuminated cotemporary. The *Graphic* is not spiritually-minded, and hence, naturally enough, dislikes the JOURNAL. We can readily excuse the conductors of that paper for their lack of appreciation. We have somewhere read in an old book, that "the carnal mind can not discern spiritual things." We are also informed, that the spiritual doctrines of Jesus were "to the Jews a stumbling-block; and to the Greeks, foolishness." (I. Cor. I. 23.) Verily, the Jews are not yet converted, and the Greeks are not all dead. The JOURNAL does not look for patronage to those people who worship the hyperbolical gods of Force and Law; who do not profess to have anything better than animal souls, with no inherent immortality; and who have discovered no more promising way of setting out for heaven, than by *starting in a balloon*!

By our "emancipated grammar," we presume the editor of the *Graphic* means, grammar that is freed from the errors that disfigure (if that be possible) the feeble creations of those shallow-minded people who, in *furor scribendi*, flip-pantly dispose of grave subjects, which they have no power to comprehend.

We have to inform our cotemporary, that we have no "council of eminent Diakka" enlisted in our behalf. The truth is, that class of spirits have so much to do in looking after the lying enemies of Spiritualism, that they have no time to give us the least attention. Our neighbor overlooks the significant fact, that the active agency of mischievous spirits—if such exist—does not at all depend on the capacity of their victims to recognize their presence. On the contrary, Satan is supposed to have the greatest luck in fishing for gudgeons when his hook is concealed, and the spiritual

angler himself keeps out of sight. As the proprietors of our daily illustrated paper do not believe in the existence of any spirits, except, perhaps, "Old Rye," "Tom Gin," and "Apple Jack," the Diakka are quite likely to be after them, early and late, always with a view to a respectful recognition. Indeed, we think they have been round there from the beginning, and we have a mind to look at the evidence in the case.

The reader may have noticed, that the *Graphic* is very enterprising—sometimes in "ways that are dark." However, it has the rare merit of originality; and it is intimated, that its editors and artists have *tapped* some new sources of inspiration. The streams flow freely enough, but do not carry with them the internal evidence of any divine origin. Here and there a beautiful object appears on the surface, but in ghastly association with strange creatures, living and dead; subjects fished from Salt Lake; caught in the muddy pools and filthy sewers of political and social life; or drawn from the depths of the dead sea of popular immoralities. With portraits and biographies of the Houris of the Harem, we have pictures of naked savages from Central Africa, and beastly forms from every part of the world. By an instantaneous process political villains are photographed; the merchant prince is surprised to behold the image of his *fille de joie* in the hands of his wife, at the supper table; and Beecher is converted into a beast as hideous as anything in the Apocalypse. Now, if the Diakka are not the inspiring agents of the *Graphic*, to what possible source, in heaven, on earth, or under the earth, shall we ascribe all this mischief and deformity? It is very evident that the industrious people who manage that paper, have not made any discoveries in heaven, and earth is too circumscribed to afford the requisite scope for so much genius. And so, in addition to every phase of real deformity, the perverted imagination must be pressed into the service, to furnish numerous and nameless distortions of human nature, and all unseemly combinations of deformity and depravity.

This is becoming a serious evil ; and how to abate it is the question. We *could* do without the *Graphic*. We managed to live comfortably before it was conceived. If it should die, we know it would shine, at last, in the process of cremation ; and, at the worst, it would be only *damnum absque injuriâ*. But we presume it will go on, if it does deprave the public taste and desecrate the temple of Art. Since the Press has become the chief instrumentality in the education of our people, it is quite possible that its unlimited freedom—as exercised by journalistic adventurers, whether in pursuit of notoriety or gain—may lead to very serious consequences. It is no trifling mischief that obliterates the “ native sense of modesty ;” and so perverts our natural instincts, that the divine ideal and the pure love of Beauty are obscured and lost.

The *Graphic* certainly excels all other illustrated papers in its pictures of sin and sinners ; and this significant fact may suggest the source of its inspiration. But it is well to consider what influence it may exert on the young mind and heart. We can not afford to have the esthetic sense perverted in childhood, by constant association with monsters, and the moral sensibilities blunted by pictorial exhibitions of wickedness in high and low places. Especially should the heads of families study the relations of outward objects to organic formation and individual character. It is well known, that images that shock the senses may be electrotyped on the physical and moral constitution of offspring. The world presents many mournful illustrations of this truth. Hence—for reasons that will be apparent to all who observe the laws of organic chemistry, physiology and psychology—we should exercise great caution, lest we multiply the evils that degrade humanity and make the earth desolate. It may be safe for all parents to subscribe for the illustrated daily paper, when they shall have outlived the possibilities of Abraham and Sarah.

Among the mild deviltries of the Diakka, if we are rightly

informed, is the restless passion for Utopian schemes and wild adventure, with which their subjects are highly inspired. The spirits of mischief silently brood over their minds, quickening the self-love ; inflating the imagination and some other things ; hatching airy and improbable theories ; and inciting them to strange enterprises and reckless speculation. All the while these people are full of what they call "positive science," and imagine they are doing great things for the human race. We shall probably search in vain for "the prince of the powers of the air," if he is not at the office of the *Graphic*. Under his inspiration, dangling in the air, at the end of more than one rope, has become a delightful occupation, and a most elevating, scientific pursuit. Let us rejoice that the old night of ignorance is far spent. Science is popular when eight or ten thousand people come together, and pay fifty cents, *per capita*, to see it put in a bag !

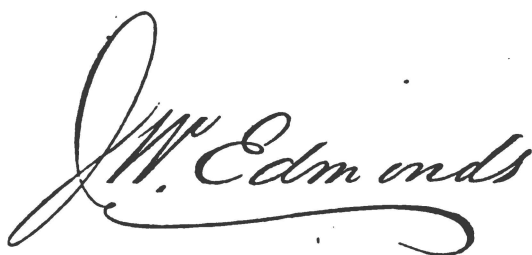
There is something sublime in this progress of "positive science." The world can not long remain in darkness when members of the press and artists are crazy to break their necks, if it be necessary, in the attempt to discover *the East Wind* ! *Wise* men have little doubt it exists somewhere. Mr. Donaldson went for it, but subject to many difficulties. It was a stormy day, and his cotton umbrella was too large ; he could not hold it against the opposing elements. There was not sunshine enough, after dark, to rarify his gas ; the counter atmospheric currents were too strong for his will-power, and his specific gravity a little too much for his lifting capacity. And then, unfortunately, he met with one Cyclone, a lively fellow, going in the same direction. Donaldson was so much elevated by the eccentric energy of his traveling companion, that he quite lost his equilibrium. And when he would have put up for the night, lo ! he suddenly came down.

Now it is to be observed, that Mr. Donaldson did not reach the place he started for—not exactly ; but he did a better thing. He journeyed wiser than he knew, in spite

of ill winds, for the gods would have it so. He made an interesting *discovery*, that made him happy for a whole week; but science is not sufficiently spiritualized to appreciate it. The fact is, he really did accomplish more in an afternoon than Moses did by a wearisome journey of forty years. After all his toil, the old Hebrew only had a *vision* of the Promised Land; but Donaldson actually entered Canaan, with his baggage, to the astonishment of the natives!

The public may still be in doubt about the direction of that "easterly current;" but who cares for the public, when one's own paper is *current*, and the public-spirited proprietors of that *Daily Illustrated Journal* have fairly discovered, for themselves, "which way the wind blows?"

May we not scratch the people who catch the itch?

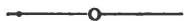
A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. W. Edmonds". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

Our readers will have learned that HON. JOHN WORTH EDMONDS—the eminent jurist and distinguished Apostle of Spiritualism—departed this life, early on the morning of the sixth of April, from his late residence, 71 Irving Place, New York. A brave and conscientious man—disciplined by a life of earnest work, refined through suffering, ennobled in character, and exalted in spirit, by a living and redeeming faith—has closed an honorable career. We can not here and now pause to tell the story of his life;—record our high estimate of his important services, or fitly express our appreciation of the true nobility of his nature. At another time we shall pay our humble tribute to his memory.

PROFESSOR BUCHANAN'S LECTURES.

THE lectures of Professor Buchanan, in Boston, have created a deep interest among the most enlightened people. The invitation addressed to him by Messrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Rev. J. F. Clarke, Rev. W. R. Alger, Josiah Quincy, and the venerable Dr. Winston Lewis and others, elicited from Dr. B. a reply, which set forth luminously the scope of his new philosophy, in the spirit of his article on the Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century, in our pages.

The large audience attending his three lectures gave many tokens of approbation and delight ; and the exposition of his views before the Woman's Moral Education Society created an enthusiasm which will not subside until it works out some practical movement to realize the grand ideal of education embodied in Dr. Buchanan's lectures. He has shown in those lectures the practicability of elevating mankind in one generation above the level of pauperism, crime and war, on which all past history has proceeded. Boston may have the honor of inaugurating this new system, for which it is proposed to raise \$100,000 ; but New York, too, has wealth and philanthropy, and an appeal from Dr. B. in behalf of a model educational institution ought not to be in vain.



MRS. CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, President of Sorosis, well-known and respected by all classes of Reformers and literary people in this country, as a lady of rare intellectual endowments, has gone abroad with her husband and family for a temporary residence, and to superintend the education of their children. American Spiritualists and Reformers will feel a just pride in being represented by a Lady whose high character and great ability entitle her to rank with the first people of Europe.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To the Friends of Justice and Reform :

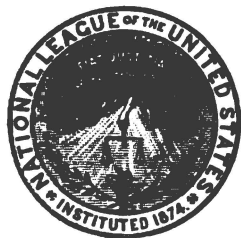
ALTHOUGH the interests of mankind have been vastly promoted by modern civilization, yet our systems are imperfect, and perilous evils are growing up in our midst, which corrupt our common life, and menace the permanence of our Institutions. This condition of public affairs has not only awakened the apprehensions of political seers and philosophers, but the enlightened friends and conservators of Rational Liberty and National Honor are everywhere oppressed by a sense of insecurity.

Now, therefore, be it known, that to resist and roll back the tide of popular iniquity ; to ensure equality in the possession and exercise of political rights and privileges, regardless of the distinctions of Caste, Color and Sex ; to give expression to enlightened ideas and moral convictions in social and political life ; to rebuke demagogues by leaving them to find posts of usefulness in private stations ; to punish official infidelity by immediate removal from office ; to recognize the claims of capable and honest men and women, by electing only such to places of honor and public trust ; to guarantee to all the advantages of education ; to lighten the burdens of the poor ; to suppress monopolies that oppress the People ; to prevent crime by removing the causes of injustice and violence ; to so modify the Penal Code that all punishments, under the law, shall be disciplinary, and wisely adapted to a clearer comprehension of human nature and individual responsibility ; and to promote the settlement of international controversies by peaceful arbitration—these are hereby declared to be the objects which this institution—through all the instrumentalities at its command—will henceforth strive to accomplish.

With a sacred regard for the principles thus briefly stated, and for the purpose of infusing them into the political life of the State, **THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES**—composed of both men and women—has been organized, and is now prepared to establish **LOCAL LEAGUES** in all parts of the United States and Territories thereunto belonging.

To admonish the Public of our purposes, and to invite the earnest coöperation of all right-minded men and women throughout the country, we have issued this Circular Letter. All true Reformers, of every name, who may be disposed to identify themselves with this movement; and all respectable persons, desiring further information, with a view to practical effort, and the organization of Subordinate Leagues under the jurisdiction of **THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES**, may address the President, Secretary, or the Chairman of either of the Executive Boards, whose names are hereunto annexed.

To the end that we may speedily organize the means and measures necessary to an intelligent and efficient propagandism of our principles and objects—by founding a strong **PUBLIC JOURNAL**, and by Public Lectures, Printed Documents, Correspondence with the Press, and otherwise as may be determined—**THE NATIONAL LEAGUE** now solicits contributions to its Treasury.



S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., President.

MARY A. NEWTON, Secretary.

CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, Ch. Board of Directors.

S. B. BRITTAN, Ch. Board of Publication.

H. J. NEWTON, Ch. Board of Finance & Treasurer

Explanation.—We must crave the indulgence of our Patrons for being entirely out of time in the publication of this number. The total destruction of the building in which the work was being done—when the greater part of this issue was already stereotyped—is chief among the causes of this long delay. We can only express our regret, and the hope that we may be more fortunate hereafter. Our readers may derive some satisfaction from the consideration, that the contents of the **JOURNAL** are not of passing or transient interest.

THE SOLAR HARP.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO Mrs. S. B. BRITTAN.

Words inspired by A SPIRIT.

Music by GEO. HARRISON.

Andante maestoso.

There are twelve great Chords in the

Ped. * *Ped.* *

This system of the musical score for 'The Solar Harp' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks.

So - lar Harp, One chord a - lone un-strung, That

mf

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a half note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. A mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking is present.

chord is touch'd with a living spark, And a - gain it finds a

This system concludes the vocal and piano parts shown. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a half note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

THE SOLAR HARP.

293

tongue, Joy ! joy ! joy ! That chord is touch'd with a

8va. *fz*

cres.

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Joy ! joy ! joy !'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures. A dynamic marking 'fz' (forzando) is present, along with an '8va.' marking for an octave shift in the right hand. A 'cres.' (crescendo) marking is in the left hand.

living spark, And the earth grows fair and young.

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern of chords in the left hand and arpeggiated chords in the right hand.

There are twelve great Angels above the stars, And they

Detailed description: This is the third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment maintains the same chordal and arpeggiated texture as the previous systems.

sit on their thrones of gold ; But the throne of one by

p

This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

death's i-ron bars Was crush'd in the a-ges old.

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The piano part includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking towards the end of the system.

Joy ! joy ! joy ! Earth's throne again is among the stars, And she

8v.

This system concludes the musical score. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. Above the first staff, there is a repeat sign. The piano part includes a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking. The system ends with a repeat sign above the first staff.

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line begins with the lyrics "sita in the an - gel - fold." The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with chords in the left hand.

sita in the an - gel - fold.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "There are twelve great Nations in so - lar space, But". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

There are twelve great Nations in so - lar space, But

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "one alone sat in the gloom, The sun of its glo-ry". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is placed below the first measure of the piano accompaniment in this system.

one alone sat in the gloom, The sun of its glo-ry

vail'd its face, In the darkness of the tomb.

ritard. *dim.* *f*

This system contains the first musical phrase. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4, then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with sixteenth and thirty-second notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. Performance markings include *ritard.*, *dim.*, and *f*.

Joy! joy! joy! For the twelfth great Na - tion

8va

This system contains the second musical phrase. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4, then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures. A marking *8va* is placed above the piano part. The system concludes with a double bar line.

lifts its face, And glows with immor - tal bloom.

This system contains the third musical phrase. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4, then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures. The system concludes with a double bar line.